PRIMARY EDUCATION

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EVA D. KELLOGG, EDITOR

NLY one October in the year.

This cannot be kept in mind too constantly, either in or out of the school room.

Not a day in October, that is worthy of the month, should pass without a walk in the woods. The more the teacher absorbs of the true autumn feeling, the more she radiates it to the children. It cannot be hidden, and its happy effect is as sure as the seeds of culture sown in any other way.

What *is* the true autumn feeling? No sadness, no melancholy; nothing of the kind. Autumn should never be mentioned to the children as a season of decay. That view of it is to be banished forever from child-thought. But in its place, let there be only the thought of the *glory* of the ripening of the year; the fruition of the beneficent plan of the Creator for seed time and harvest. A child's whole life thought of this season may be influenced by the teacher's guidance through one autumn. Children have an innate sense of beauty; let it be quickened to see the thousand beauties on every side in these crowning days of the year. Let it be kept before the children that the year is *not dying* but getting ready for a long, useful sleep, to gather strength for the spring awakening.

Can a teacher do more than one thing? Answer is found in the late interview of Dr. Edward Everett Hale in a popular magazine. "Dr. Hale is the despair of us all, in the amount of work he accomplishes," says Dr. Holmes. While this generous admission will call out an amen echo from everybody the old saying is emphatically true: "When you want a favor done, ask the busiest person you know." Not only is economy of time one of those virtues that grow by cultivation, but there seems to be a facility to accomplish acquired by constant additions of work. The teacher who takes up a half dozen outside interests this year besides her school will be no more wearied, if as much, at the close of the year as one who gives every hour to school work. A variety of interests, *if they are large enough*, give breadth and freedom of thought that dwarf the little trifles that annoy, and buoy up drooping energies.

The editor of the *Arena* has done the cause of education a priceless service in his complete and comprehensive article, "The New Education and the Public Schools," in the September issue of that fearless magazine. It is noteworthy that no such discussion, discrimination or defence has ever been attempted since the beginning of the wordy war between the new and the old, *by one outside the school world*. For this it is especially valuable. The "giftie" has thus given us the means to see ourselves through the eyes of one accustomed to pierce shams and tear away illusions. The wonder is that any man outside the school field could know so well the purposes, conditions and equipments of the working army inside the lines.

The effect of reading this presentation of the "New Education" upon the teachers themselves will be to open their eyes to the tremendous, inherent force of the new ideas, to inspire effort to work in sympathy with them, and to increase the self-respect of every one engaged in carrying on the cause.

Manageable Members of School Boards.

A local exchange gives the following item concerning a recent election in a New England city:

"Of the new school board recently elected, five new members have the following occupation: one is a teamster, one a moulder, one a grocer, one a marble cutter and one a laborer. Opposed to these men were the post master, an ex-senator, and the city treasurer."

What an encouraging prospect this new board offers to the superintendent and teachers in that community! What a wall of strength they will prove when nice questions involving the intellectual and moral welfare of the children wait for their decision!

How bravely they will stand up to duty when the schools are suffering for moral support in the organization of new plans based on modern methods! How carefully they will discriminate between the new and the old in education and how quickly they will recognize the wheat among the chaff! How intelligently they will vote upon the question of the subtle influence of industrial education upon the mental activity of the children! How they will rally around the standard of Frœbel and clamor for the kindergarten system in public schools! The moulder will so instinctively understand the educational influence of clay work! The grocer will be thoroughly at home in relative values; the marble cutter will encourage sculpture, remembering the moral value of his lifelong search for the "angel in the marble!" The teamster will radiate a "go-ahead" influence that will be perceptibly felt by the entire "board" in seasons of "dead locks"; and the laborer can "turn his hand to anything" that may be required of him — wisely keeping an eye out, of course, for the highest bidder.

Seriously, work is noble. It is not the occupation of these men, *per se*, that stirs the sarcasm of the moment, but the fact of the fatal error in putting men upon the school board who are as incapable of filling the position as a cobbler to understand and reconstruct the intricate mechanism of an Edison machine. The wood-sawyer and laundress may be filling their places in life with a zeal for uprightness that challenges admiration; but we should hardly select them to unwind the tangled threads of a theological controversy or to listen to a lecture by Prof. Drummond.

Yet men of this calibre are placed upon the school board of a city where they are equally ignorant of their duty, simply because of their supposed pliability when votes are to be *made* before they are counted. The ruling spirits in every "board" find abundant use for this filling-in material for selfish and political purposes, who yield their personality far more because of their consciousness of their great ignorance of the subject than from a desire to be purchased.

Not only do schools suffer greatly from this vote manipulation, but the shores of the teaching profession are strewn with teacher victims that have gone down in this ruthless wrecking of their hopes and ambitions. Some aggressive school act, a trifle in itself, roused personal unfriendliness in the powers that be, the malleable material voted "by request," and the work was done. The teacher had only lost his or her position — and heart breaks don't count — in teachers. Necessity may force them to seek other positions but life is never the same hopeful thing to them again.

Later on the veteran teachers and superintendents become better sailors — get "used to it" — and learn how to reef and furl sails, till some quick blizzard strikes their unprepared little craft, — then *they* seek other waters and dream once more of safe harbors.

And with this worm eating at the core of educational progress we visit the beautiful school exhibits at the great "Fair" and plume and pat ourselves that we have touched a great height in education; — so great that we can gaze complacently at the bright coloring of the outside of the fruit of the children's work and forget the rottenness at the heart of the selfish and political management of school affairs.

What our schools need, beyond appropriations, beyond good teachers, beyond capable supervisors, beyond an energetic school board and a capable superintendent, is the cordial support of the people at large. In the pressure of the duties of life upon all people the school is one of the things taken for granted. With the churches unable to exercise a strong and central influence over the morals of childhood, with family care constantly being deteriorated by the pressure of business and society, the public school is continually being loaded down with duties and demands which weigh upon conscientious teachers, especially the large-minded and large-hearted women, who are the soul and strength of our public schools. This is where our public school teachers cannot be too earnestly or too warmly supported by those who put children in their hands. It may be too much to ask busy men and women who believe in the public schools to take an hour now and then to visit the schoolrooms and show by their presence that they stand by this or that teacher; but wherever this is done, the results far more than compensate for all the trouble which they compel. If there is any one class of unappreciated people in the community — unappreciated and yet deserving of the highest honor, it is the men and women who are our faithful servants in the public schools.— *Boston Herald.*

Kindergarten Methods in Primary Schools.

By S. Lilian Blaisdell, Minneapolis, Minn.

"The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life."

HOW often we hear among progressive primary teachers, "I'm introducing kindergarten into my school." What does it mean? Is it giving the children beads to string, mats to weave, or sticks to sort and group for occasional variety in busy work without direct and logical connection with the other work of the school? This would violate Froebel's idea of unity in development,— correlation of thought and action throughout the school exercises, with head, heart and hand acting from a common motive. Expression whether in language or as constructive, with beads, clay, paper, etc., should always be the logical outcome of an organic thought.

Is it the setting apart of a regular period, either daily or weekly, for a folding exercise, a molding or a pasting exercise, and following a certain graded "course" or sequence of lessons, mainly dictative? This would, indeed, develop manual skill,— yes, and the habits of attention and precision in working, but are these not dangerous weapons with which to provide the child of criminal tendencies? Without a motive thought deeper than that of mere development of material, the attainment of material results, the exercises are worse than dead. 'Tis the child, not the material, we wish to develop.

Each exercise to be truly profitable, must be actuated by a desire to more fully know, feel, or live out some noble truth. Moreover, that judgment and will-power may have attendant development, there must be less dictation on the part of the teacher, and more invention by the child. With a given purpose, he should be led to choose the material, plan the means and attain that purpose with no more dictation than is necessary to keep the mechanism definite, orderly, and accurate. This conscious causation with a definite aim, is *creation*, and man, the image of God, therefore a creative being, should have fullest opportunity to develop creativeness.

Is it introducing kindergarten to faithfully present "things before words" giving observation lessons on balls and cubes, on flowers, butterflies, etc., granting that self activity is always appealed to? Yes and *no*. It is but *half* a method, incomplete and one-sided without the other half. Pestalozzi excelled in this presentative teaching, but Froebel, seeing its onesidedness, would have *re*presentative power equally developed.

The whole being, not alone the head and heart is receiving knowledge and feeling its significance, but the hand, also, should go out in harmonious expression of these inner thoughts and feelings. In Froebel's words, "Every thought should crystallize into a deed, and every idea find some tangible form of expression." Unity in thought and action, and symmetry of growth, are cardinal points of his doctrine.

So with all observation lessons, must be provided their complement, expression lessons, using not only language, but clay, paper, wood, etc.;— the more the means, the broader will become the usefulness of knowledge gained; besides in the reaction of expression upon impression, the greater will be the intensity of the latter.

Motion-songs and games are one form of expression lessons, and presuppose the thoughts and feelings thus expressed to have been previously experienced, though vaguely. In living out the lives of the birds, the flowers, the tradesmen, the child is more fully understanding them; feeling, as if 'twere his own life, their every joy and sorrow, thereby begetting love and sympathy for them.

The songs and games, to fulfill this function, must be elastic, that is, capable of allowing added or modified representation, according to the child's growing power and desire of representation. In the beautiful game of "The Stream" we should certainly expect each day to bring more things to "give" than the day before. We make a sad mistake if we consider the songs and games as so many independent cut-

and-dried ornaments to the child's education, to be taught by rote, memorized, and repeated day after day, like the old fashioned multiplication table.

Having considered some of the things that kindergarten in the primary school is *not*, let us see what it *is*. The term, kindergarten — child-garden, helps to answer our question. Like a flower-garden, it is a place wherein to *grow*, to develop the fullest measure according to the destiny for which created. But the child, like the flower, influences and is influenced by everything about it; it is born into many relationships, and to live and grow in *harmony* with these relations is necessary to the well-being of all. Now we have it! *Harmonious growth* strikes the keynote of Froebel's idea of education. How shall it be attained? Through an intelligent understanding of this interdependence of all things — how they are related, and the laws by which they affect each other.

This knowledge only, will reveal to man his particular function and the means by which he may serve it in the greatest possible measure. The task, then, of education must be to furnish this knowledge and cause its application. To quote Froebel, "The aim of instruction is to give the pupil an insight into the *unity of all things*, how they live, move, and have their being in God, for the purpose of applying this insight to practical life and work." He defines the schoolmaster as "one who is in a position to *demonstrate* the unity of things."

Ah, how differently now, we look at our various school exercises, observation lessons, language, reading, molding, and what not? We see that they are but the knife, fork and spoon of education, the *means* by which educational food (the idea of unity and its application) may be administered to the hungry soul. Surely, of what real avail is the usual desultory wielding of this knife, fork, and spoon, if the food be ignored?

Now, how *shall* we truly incorporate kindergarten methods into our school? First, by relating all the exercises to each other and to one unifying thought. Related lessons, unification of study and concentration, are becoming familiar terms. [Read Froebel's "Education of Man" and McMurray's excellent little book, "General Method." In the latter unification is viewed from an economical standpoint.] Second, by adapting the work to the apperceptive capacity of the child and developing head, heart, and hand in unison. These latter points will be further alluded to in following papers.

What shall be the nature of the unifying thought around which all our lessons shall revolve? Shall it be an apple one day or week, a piece of coal the next, perhaps the "Village Blacksmith" the next, and so on? Will there not be constant danger in such case, of making the apple, etc., ends instead of means, dragging apple, apple, apple, into every exercise, whether it helps to strengthen the underlying significance of the apple or not, until the refrain becomes a burden? Besides, in this material aim, we are apt to forget Froebel's principal of *con*tinuity. Unless the specific thought to be emphasized in the study of coal is vitally connected with that of the apple, coal would not be the best subject to follow the apple. Each day's work must be an outgrowth of that before it. Is this not a law of all growth?

Shall our central thought be a little more comprehensive, say, harvesting, or preparation for winter? This is still an indirect aim. Let us aim at the core, at the eternal truth, not the material, *and all else shall be iucluded.* What is the core of unity? Brotherhood, helpfulness, altruism. In discovering *how* the apple, the coal, etc., *serves its particular function of helpfulness*, the characteristics, formation, mode of obtaining, preservation, storage, etc., will all be considered as a matter of course.

The practical application of this central thought of function, or helpfulness, in the related work of the primary school, will be the theme of succeeding articles.

"There are bits of poetry in my mind I learned in infancy which have stood by me in keeping me true to my ideas of duty and life. Rather than lose these I would have missed all the sermons I ever heard." — *Pres. Eliot.*

The Morning Talk.

(The following paper, "The Morning Talk in the Kindergarten" was given by Miss Grace Butterfield at the graduating exercises of the Chauncy-Hall Kindergarten Training School. There is not a word in it that is not equally applicable to primary schools.— ED.)

THIS feature of the kindergarten program, coming first in order of time, is second to none in importance. It is a half-hour devoted, not to a monologue on the part of the teacher, or a talk to the children seated in the circle about her, but to a conversation with them. The fields of literature, science, religion, social and industrial life may all be gleaned for subjects, and their facts and truths dropped as seed-corn in the fertile soil of the child-mind. This seed-sowing is best accomplished by story-telling, illustrated by pictures or objects, in answer to the child's desire for the concrete and living.

Forever dear to a child's heart is a story, told in language, he can understand, and relating experiences which reproduce his own life. The child is a little egoist, set in the midst of a small circle of thoughts and feelings, and one must step into that circle in order to catch or hold his interest. He is at the emotional stage of development, moreover, and along with a keen sense of his own experience exists an interest in other personalities, a longing to find some point of union with them, something which will make their lives akin to his. Primitive man, knowing but little of the world in which he dwelt, and continually impelled by necessity to learn more, invented explanations of the natural forces and phenomena which he perceived, and imagined rivers, trees, earth, sun and stars, as thinking, feeling and acting as he did. Thus arose the mythologies of all early nations, those "allegorical representations of general physical and moral truths." The child is at a period of life corresponding to that era in race development when "a rainbow was the bridge to heaven, a flower the slipper of Venus," every tree the abode of a dryad, and the sun a beautiful youth waking the world to life and song.

This feeling for personality is the reason for giving the morning talk in the form of a story, with the other conditions imposed by the child mind, and that it be full of life and movement, simple, and that it deal with things already familiar to him, or which he can easily link to his chain of experiences. Nature studies are most attractive if given as narratives; the season's round makes a vivid and lasting impression if Jack Frost comes from his home in the North to ice the streams, scatter the nuts for squirrels, shake off the leaves, and bring a snow-blanket to keep the flower roots safe from the cold air which he has to breathe. The return of the birds and their nest-building, the re-appearance of flowers and leaves when Jack Frost has gone away to his home, and all the phases of insect-life may be woven into a series of stories which will delight the circle of children by its personification of scientific facts. Earth's resurrection from Winter's cold and gloom is beautifully presented in the story of Persephone, the fair young maiden whose return to her sorrowful mother was the Greek explanation of Spring's joyous life.

The talks are most profitably illustrated by objects; new fields of observation and interest are opened by asking the children to find and bring illustrative material to the kindergarten. The story is interrupted long enough for all to see, and perhaps handle the leaf, stone, egg, cocoon, or whatever it may be, thus giving an opportunity for the idea to enter the little minds through the avenue of touch, and by eye-gate as well as ear-gate. Pictures are valuable if objects cannot be obtained, and happy is the kindergartner who with a few impressionist strokes, can make a satisfactory drawing upon the blackboard.

The chief value of the kindergarten over other systems or no system of early training, is that it furnishes to the child's mind co-ordinated impressions. A moment's thought given to the host of rapidly succeeding impressions which one day's living brings to a young child, will account for the mental chaos which his acts and words sometimes reveal, and will indicate the necessity for sure guides to classification, that this chaos may become a well-ordered microcosm. Such guides the kindergarten furnishes, in exercises which

are based on the laws of evolution and continuity. From the simple to the complex, from the near to the more remote, and always with a close connection, following Nature's law, should the kindergartner lead her bewildered little fellow travelers.

Viewing the work of a day or a year, the morning talk is the central point of the circle; gift lessons, occupations, song and games, should form with it a continuous whole that the thought suggested in the talk may be "impressed by means of the eye, the ear, the tongue, and the hand." Continuity throughout the year may be secured by grouping the stories about one imaginary person, whose adventures may be made very real to the children. The circle of the year, and the changes wrought by the seasons may be taken as a basis of a year's morning talks; different industries, dependent upon climate and seasons, are incidental features of this plan. Besides the work of each season comes its play, and the different holidays, religious and state, are discussed and celebrated as they occur.

Very great are the opportunities of the morning talk for a natural, healthful cultivation of soul as well as mind. Observation and memory are cultivated,— often the children are asked to repeat stories previously told, or to add their own similar experiences. Imagination, that kingly faculty, is constantly exercised by teacher and children, and a keen appreciation of analogies may be developed by the Nature stories. Qualities of mind and heart which will fit the child for a worthy career as a social being and a citizen, are nurtured by the morning talks on family and community life of animals and man. As he traces a kernel of corn from its planting by the farmer in the spring, through harvest in autumn, to the hands of miller and baker in winter that he may enjoy a cake, the child realizes somewhat his relationships and obligations, the dignity and importance of labor, and the fact that each workman must do his best if the product is to be of the best. On holidays, commemorating great men and their deeds, may be so presented in morning talks, as to inspire little children with heroic ideals. Remembering Doctor Hale's hint that children are neither angels nor metaphysicians, it is yet possible to present constantly great moral ideas, embodied in familiar form, in such fashion that children will imitate them.

"From Nature to Nature's God" indicates how the morning talks should present the idea of the Divine. Children wish to know the cause of the wonderful transformations which they observe in the natural world, and untroubled by undue mental activity, learn to love the Creator, whose tenderest name is Father.

Children are not born gossips. They report what they see and hear of people only when encouraged. They would far rather talk of the cat, the birds, the flowers, and the museum, if left to their free choice. But it is essential that they know when to talk and when to be silent, and this is hardest of all. The old rule, "speak when spoken to," has the great defects that it kills grace. A suppressed child makes a stiff man or woman. Much of the ungainliness of bearing which constitutes a stumbling-block to many admirable men and women is the result of an autocratic government which constrains them, as children, to be passive and inanimate in the presence of their elders. As a witty writer observes, "their animal spirits were flat-ironed out of them." One may emerge from this discipline with an irritable bearing which gives every expression an appearance of insistance, as if the person said to himself; "I have a right, and this time I will be heard." It is better to impress upon the child that he may speak freely whenever he has anything interesting to say to the company, but, if he finds that he is wearying others, to stop. If his fact or fancy has any value there is some one who will like to hear it sometime. Let him study to be opportune.

— *Childhood.*

Gentle manners and a graceful carriage carry with themselves a charm that commands admiration and esteem, and is a stronger influence for obediance than threats and punishments.

— SUPT. BROOKS, *Phila.*

October.

"The month of carnival of all the year,
When Nature lets the wild earth go its way,
And spend whole seasons on a single day,
The spring-time holds her purple, dear,
October, lavish, flaunts them far and near;
The Summer charily her reds doth lay
Like jewels on her costliest array;
October, scornful, burns them on a bier;
The Winter hoards his pearls of frost, in sign
Of Kingdom; whiter pearls than winter knew
Or Empress wore, in Egypt's ancient line,
October, feasting 'neath her dome of blue,
Drinks at a single draught, slow filtered through
Sunshiny air, as in a tingling wine!"

Fads.

By SUPT. FRANK A. FITZPATRICK, Omaha, Neb.

THERE are fads which are symbolical of the new education; there are fads which are purely mechanical and entirely unrelated. So far as the fad does not stand for something spiritual — for an idea — it is valueless.

Here is a language lesson on Iron outlined by a "normal school graduate" and published with apparant approval in the last number of one of our most widely circulated school journals.

Language Lesson on Iron.

By A NORMAL GRADUATE.

(Chief point; To show how the qualities of iron are adapted to its uses.)
Show a piece of iron and ask its name.
Show a smoothing iron and ask the difference between it and the piece of iron.
Ask what must be done with a square piece of gutta-percha to make it into a ball. (Melt it.) Draw from children that iron, when exposed to very great heat, melts.
By reference to a stove-pipe, elicit that iron can be beaten out into large sheets. Give word *malleable* and couple it with *mallet* (a hammer).
Show a piece of wire and ask what it is made of. Elicit that iron may be drawn out into wire as fine as a hair. Give *ductile*.
By comparing iron with clay, elicit that it is *hard*.
By comparing the wire with thread, elicit that iron is *strong*.
Ask what dampness does to iron, and elicit the reason for tinning iron vessels and painting roofs.
Show a steel buckle and ask of what it is made and what steel is. Explain that iron is made into steel by intense heat and sudden cooling.
Ask which takes the higher polish, steel or common iron, and elicit the better adaptability of steel for buttons and ornaments.
Ask which will break more easily and elicit the superior value of steel for cutlery, etc.
Ask which will bend and spring back again, and elicit that steel is used for springs of different kinds. Draw out the word elastic.
Review the qualities of iron and write their adjectives on the blackboard. Require a composition on iron, in which all of these adjectives shall be used.

This lesson is defective, first, because it does not take advantage of the curiosity element in children, which should be stimulated as a prelude to the presentation of the piece of iron to the class.

It is defective, again, because the lesson starts out with an ordinary piece of iron and the teacher then presents a "smoothing-iron" — a tool — and expects the children to distinguish the "difference between it and the piece of iron". When there are many points of difference, the difference sought to portray to the children can not be definitely isolated without unnecessary telling.

It is again defective, when, to present to the children the quality of plasticity under a high temperature, it brings in a *square* piece of gutta-percha as an illustration. Why *square*? Why explain a simple process with a familiar substance, by a hypothetical process with an unknown substance? Then again the melting process with gutta-percha and iron, has nothing in common. Why didn't "the normal graduate" use a piece of ice to illustrate her point?

It is again defective, in giving an illustration to develop the idea of malleability; it is unfortunate and untrue because sheet iron that is used for stove pipe is not beaten out into large sheets; and even if the dropping of a heavy hammer upon a mass of iron to reduce it to shape for the shears and rolled to take hold of it, it is near enough to the fact to be passable, it is so far outside of the child's range of experience as to be valueless in the way of developing the idea of malleability.

Then the comparison of iron with *clay*, in order to develop the idea that iron is hard, is certainly far-fetched enough to excite the ire of Dr. Rice. Just think! with the world of matter before her for a comparison, to present such a comparison!

The lesson is further defective in introducing the idea of steel, before the pupil has gotten hold of the qualities of the common, every-day iron, that the teacher has presented as a subject for discussion.

Then think of the wisdom which presents a buckle as an illustrative specimen of steel.

The lesson itself is of mongrel type. It is unscientific because it brings in too many topics, and has few common related elements; it is a poor language lesson because the development lesson is not based upon the subject, Iron, but is a conglomerate on iron, gutta-percha, thread and clay. It is a fair sample of the balderdash that is presented to a yearning audience by a class of reformers who have heard that, "Our schools must develop the perceptive faculties by devoting more attention to objective work."

They called this stuff, *science*, or perhaps laying the foundation for science; when, in fact, it is merely the desultory acquisition of information that is analogous to the aimless gathering of information by the uncultivated adult as he walks through life. And the effect of such teaching in the way of developing the child, will have as little benificial effect, as the aimless seeing of things does upon the ordinary individual. He will have a large stock of unclassified, unrelated, and unusable information from which he can only generalize imperfectly and in a hap-hazard way.

It doesn't seem to have dawned upon some of the active minds who follow the newly arisen apostles, that storing the mind with *useful rubbish*, is just as reprehensible as laying in stocks of useless things.

The educational exhibit at Chicago presents many specimens of this crude, unscientific objective work.

No subjects essential to primary education can be legislated into our schools; they cannot be successfully introduced by special teachers; they must be thoroughly known by the regular teachers, and adapted to growing minds by the teachers. Thus the question of strong, educated, cultivated teachers is the one question of this day and future days, and as teachers and as teachers of teachers, let us not allow any other question to stand in the way of the real one.—*Ex.*

The Woman's Relief Corps convention, in connection with the Grand Army of the Republic, recently in session at Indianapolis, passed the following resolution:

"Whereas, it is essential for the welfare and good citizenship of our country that the children of our land be taught to reverence the American flag, the emblem of our liberty, and to respect the principles for which our veterans gave the best years of their lives, and many of them life itself; and,

"Whereas, the present system of foreign emigration, and the large per cent. of foreigners of all grades of society who are admitted to citizenship in these United States, and the foreign ideas of government being promulgated throughout our country, are doing much to lessen the hold our institutions have upon the minds of the young;

"Therefore, resolved, that we strongly urge the adoption of some form of patriotic teaching in our schools by which to counteract these influences.

"Resolved, that each department president instruct the corps presidents in her department to appoint a committee of influential ladies belonging to her corps to petition the county and city superintendents and teachers to recommend the adoption of some form of patriotie salute to the American flag, to be introduced into the morning exercises of the public schools."

The Spirit of the Sunset.

When the Aster wakes in the morning,
In these sweet autumn days,
She sees the sumac burning,
And the maples in a blaze,
And she rubs her eyes, bewildered,
All in the golden haze.
Then: "No. They still are standing;
They're not on fire at all"—
She softly says, when slowly
She sees some crimson fall,
And yellow flakes come floating

Down from the oaks so tall.
And then she knows the spirit
Of the sunset must have planned
The myriad bright surprises
That deck the dying land,—
And she wonders if the sumac
And the maples understand.

Primary Writing.

VIII.

By ANNA E. HILL, Supervisor Penmanship, Springfield, Mass.

"WE are to begin our new tracing books this morning, children," said Miss Harcourt, "We have been spending a good deal of time on learning how to hold our pens, and on movement exercises since school began but there hasn't been any of it thrown away as you will see when we come to write."

"What have you learned about writing the past four weeks? May, you may tell me."

"We have learned how to sit pretty well I think, for the writing teacher marked us a hundred in position the last time she came," May replied.

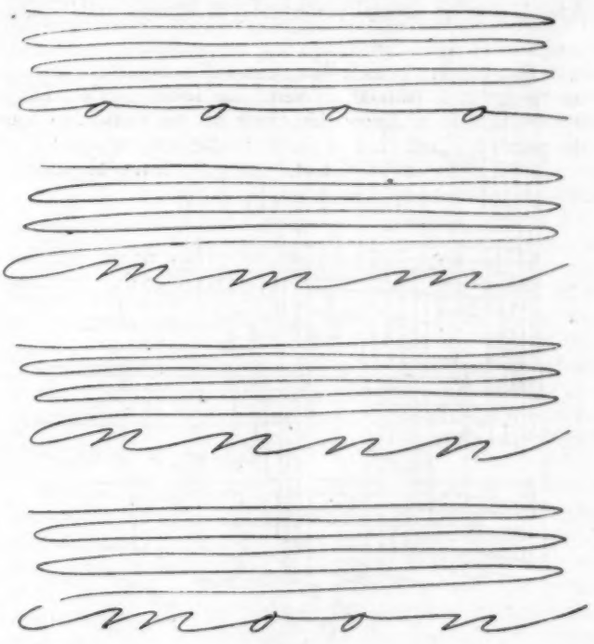


Fig. 1.

"Yes, and she marked us ninety eight in penholding," said Harold.

"Can you tell me anything else we have learned, Jean?"

"I think *most* of the children can slide their hands pretty well for we were marked ninety on movement," answered Jean.

"Now how many of these children know why we have been practising these movement exercises so long," asked Miss Harcourt. "Jean, what do you think?"

"To learn to write faster," answered Jean.

"George, what do you say about it?"

"To write easier," replied George.

"Harold, what do you want to tell me?"

"I heard the writing teacher say one day it was to waken up the muscles," said Harold.

"Yes," said Miss Harcourt, "You have improved very much in position. Why, four weeks ago I was afraid my children would grow up to be little doubled up old men and women, but I know now when we write, there isn't one crooked spine in the room. I am sure every pupil holds his pen better and because you hold the pens right you get better control of the hand and arm and as soon as you get perfect control you will write better, faster and easier.

"What the writing teacher said is true; we need movement exercises to wake up our muscles. I shall have to tell you that my writing muscles were asleep for a long time but this summer they were thoroughly wakened and for the first time in my life I don't have to ask my children to do something I can't do myself."

It was right here that little Mabel Kelcey jumped up in her seat and spoke out in school without even raising her hand, and said, "Why Miss Harcourt, my mamma says you are a perfectly lovely writer."

"It was very kind of your mamma to say that, dear; I learned it all this summer just because I wanted to know how to teach it in the right way." I hope the readers of "PRIMARY EDUCATION," haven't forgotten Miss Harcourt. Last year she didn't think writing was of any importance whatever, she couldn't see any advantage in movement exercises. Her children simply couldn't hold their pens right, and they never kept to the count; they hated the writing lesson, and the old fashioned way of teaching writing, by giving the children a copy, and letting them hit it as nearly as they could regardless of penholding and movement, was good enough for her.

But a good handwriting is as contagious as the measles, and teaching in the same building with Miss Glover who was a beautiful writer and such an enthusiastic teacher, she became so much interested that she went to a summer school, gave up several hours a day to lessons and practice,

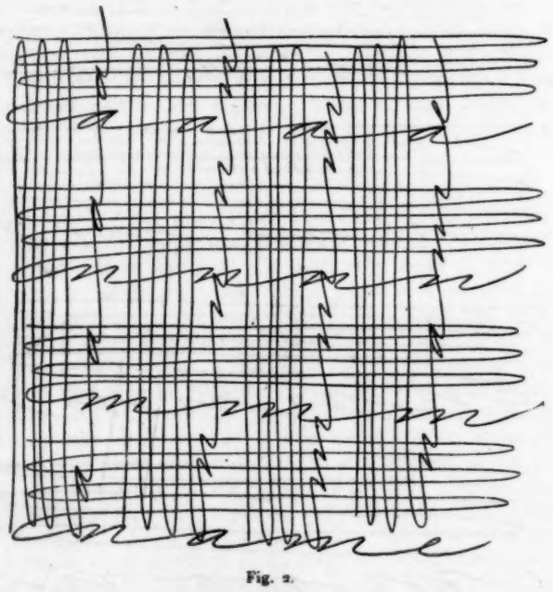


Fig. 2.

and strange to say,— no it *isn't* strange, it is just the most natural thing in the world — that now she enjoys teaching writing better than almost any other subject.

Think for one moment of the different effect on the children. Last year she hated to teach a writing lesson; now, she enjoys giving one; then, she thought it was not important to teach penholding, consequently she did not do it. She did not teach movement because she did not know how; and because she did not know, did not see the importance of it.

She fretted at the children because they made heavy lines and yet they could not make light ones because they did not hold their pens correctly and had no control over their muscles.

Pardon me for interrupting Miss Harcourt's lesson, but please don't lose sight of the moral effect of learning to write on Miss Harcourt herself, first; afterwards through her, on the children.

"We are to write the third page in the book, but first, as Harold said, we must do something to wake up the mus-

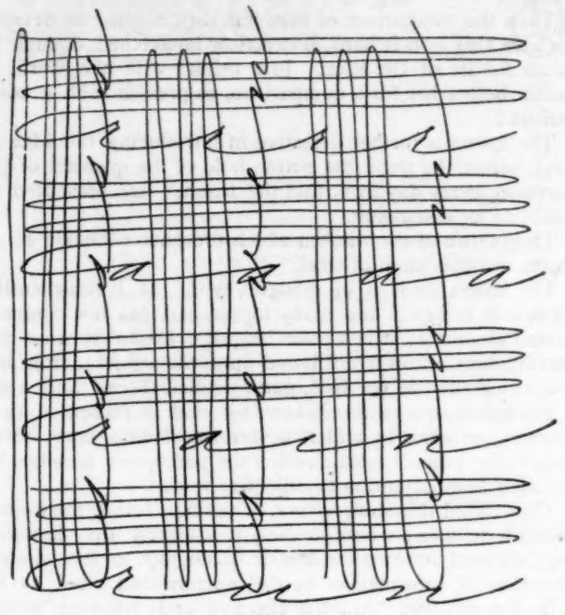


Fig. 3.

cles," continued Miss Harcourt; "and we ought to do something that will help us to slide our hand from letter to letter."

"What movement exercise have we practised, Carrie, that will help us to slide our hand from letter to letter?" asked Miss Harcourt.

"The small running o's Ex. 1. (Fig. 1.) where we slide our hands back and forth six times and then make the running o's," answered Carrie.

"We will practice five minutes on this exercise. Place a dot at the top of the paper in the centre, and when we move our hands towards the right we slide to the dot, then back again, then to the dot, then back again, then to the dot once again, then back. The count is *one, two, three, four*, for the o's, counting *one* when we go to the right, *two* to the left, and so on up to six. I will write it on the board so you can all see just how to do it."

The children practice the exercise five minutes.

"What can we drill upon to help us in our word *moon* we are going to write?" asked Miss Harcourt.

"I should think," says Johnnie Dunne (who has been practicing at home and consequently thinks he ought to have a voice in the matter) "that to make slides just as we have been making them, and then write the word *moon*."

"I think so too," said Miss Harcourt, "so we will practice five minutes on Ex. 2."

"After we finish that can't we write them cross-ways? (Fig. 5)," asked Minnie Kelcey. "Yes," said Miss Harcourt.

"You may count the word *moon*, children. How do you know how to count words you've never seen?" asked Miss Harcourt.

"We count the first and last line one, and count for every line," answered the children.

"We will take our books and trace the word *moon* to count, three times; try very hard to keep on the blue lines."

"What shall we do on the next line where there is no tracing?" asked Miss Harcourt.

"We must write so nearly like the copy that when any one looks at our books they will think they are all traced," said Minnie Kelcey; "that was what the writing teacher told us."

"Yes," said Miss Harcourt, "there are six lines to trace and eight to write; the pupils who make light lines and trace

just over the blue ones, and write in the blank spaces so the writing looks just like that you have traced over, are to have gold stars on their books; and then, when you write the same word on letter paper, those who make theirs look like the tracing will have a star on their paper, and when finished it will be pinned up in the room."

Miss Harcourt then gave the next word,—*name*, (Fig. 2,) and in the same way, afterward, Fig. 3.

The English of Childhood.

By JEAN SHERWOOD RANKIN, West Superior, Wis.

PERHAPS the most prolific source of childhood's early errors in speech lies in our popular nursery rhymes. Did we not as children absorb the melodies of Mother Goose until her idioms became a part of our very thought? The following citations are selected from about a dozen different editions of Mother Goose:

They *laid* in bed till the clock struck ten;

See a pin and let it *lay*, etc.;

The clock struck one and down he *come;*

The pig *got eat* and Tom *got beat:*

I couldn't *without* I could could I?
Could you, *without* you could, could ye?

All the water he *had got*, etc.;

This use of *had got* is frequent in Mother Goose, and that much abused word *got* does duty for many other more elegant expressions, as in,

Says the pieman to Simple Simon;

Come, let's to bed *says* Sleepy-head;

Says he, you're in luck, etc., etc.

The colloquial use of *says* is very popular with Mother Goose, who in its use almost vies with the renowned Priscilla P. Bedott.

She *got* thinner and thinner;

At last the fox *got* home to his den;

Up *got* the little dog and began to bark;

At last, she *got* mad.

The use of *eat* (pronounced *et*) for *ate* is very common among children. Webster marks this use as obsolete or obsolescent. I quote only one remarkable example of its use by Mother Goose:

He *eat* more meat than four-score men,
He *eat* a cow, he *eat* a calf;
He *eat* a hog and a half;
He *eat* a church, he *eat* a steeple,
He *eat* the priest and all the people.

If our ungrammatical generation shall ever learn to distinguish between the uses of *in* and *into*, it will not be with the help of Mother Goose, who says:

There was a boy went *in* a barn;

He put her *in* a pumpkin-shell, etc., etc.

The use of *for to* for *to* need not annoy us greatly, since it is not a common error among American children; but we can not in any case endorse its constant use by Mother Goose, as in,

She went to market, her eggs *for to* sell;

He went *for to* eat honey;

Determined *for to* find them, etc.

Occasionally the flights of dear Mother Goose rise superior to all limitations of person, number, case, and even mood also.

And who do you think they *be?*

But if it be I, as I suppose it *be;*

He ate the dormouse, else it was *me;*

He *don't* know what to do;

That froggy and I *am* fond of good cheer;

If all the world *was* apple-pie,
And all the sea *was* ink;
Oranges and lemons, *says* the bells of St. Clemens;
You owe me five farthings, *says* the bells of St. Martin's;
And when will you pay me, *says* the bells of Old Bailey;
When I grow rich, *says* the bells of Shoreditch;
When will that be *says* the bells of Stepney;
I m sure I don't know, *says* the big bell of Bow.

In spite of her numerous lapses into the inelegant, the incorrect and even the vulgar, it is not desirable, even were it possible, to banish our dear and almost classical Mother Goose. To lose the genuine music of her jingles would be no small deprivation to our nursery-folk. Lowell goes so far as to say: "Perhaps the best quantitative verses in our language (better even than Coleridge's) are to be found in Mother Goose, composed by nurses, wholly by ear, and beating time as they danced the baby on their knees."

Let us be thankful that amid the immense amount of trash sown broadcast upon an innocent and unsuspicious public, there are still a very few publishing-houses, whose uniform standard of literary merit is so high that we need not fear to put into the hands of our children anything they have consented to publish.

As a sample of current nursery-rhymes, I give only one, which seems to me the full embodiment of weakly-bad and incorrect English:

Here are we, Fido and *me;*
Please to say straight away
Which is *best* and *prettiest,*
Is it *me?* Is it he?
In a trice answers mother,
Both are nice as *each other.*

It is true that our best writers do make occasional slips; but when such errors are rare, little need be feared from their influence. Dickens, great genius that he was, falls victim frequently to slight errors. How could this be otherwise in view of his early life and self-tuition? Is it not the more remarkable that forever his "genius rushes like the whirlwind?" These errors in our great writers prove only that the habits of childhood or of association are usually more enduring than book-lore conned in the school-room.

Where lies for our children a royal road to purer English? I see only two avenues of hope for our illiterate generation. One — the brighter — lies in the judicious but generous administration of classical pabulum to our girls and boys. To memorize and memorize and memorize,— not little extracts from this, that, and the other — but whole pages and poems from our best writers. Then to repeat, and repeat until there is little doubt that, with occasional recalling, the mind will retain for at least a few years what has been thus committed.

As to what a child shall memorize,— ghosts of the Sabbath-school concerts of my vanished youth, and demons of local "Poets' Corners" in country newspapers, haunt ye me no more! Ten thousand-thousand collections of "gems," from standard poets, culled by somebody else, perish all ye in everlasting oblivion! What have the elect to do with thee? But unto Longfellow and Whittier and Bryant, unto Lowell and Holmes and Poe, unto Tennyson and Scott and Burns, unto Wordsworth and Shelley and Keats, unto Shakespeare and Milton and Chaucer, yea, unto Solomon and David may "the world's teachers, who have first been God's learners" lead their flocks like a shepherd.

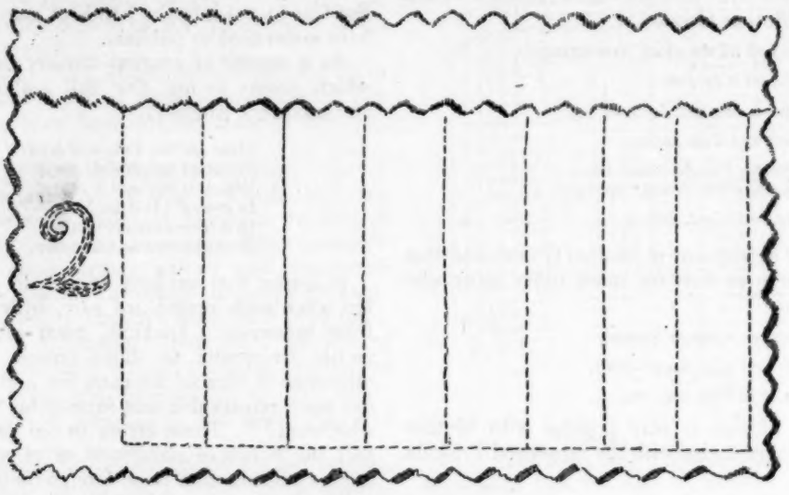
But woe unto him who can not thus *con amore* lead unto the sacred spring! And just here lies onr greatest difficulty. Appreciation of literature pure and simple usually springs from a liberal education, not, however, necessarily so; nor is this love always denied those whose feet have never trod college-halls. But the teaching by precept of "English pure and undefiled" is one thing, while the teaching by example of such English is quite another; and I become more and more convinced that one prolific source of poor English lies in the imperfect preparation for teaching English on the part of our great body of grade-teachers. I have no doubt whatever that, from the alpha of our school curriculums to their omega, no other subject is so universally lll-taught. Here, then, lies the second hope for the regeneration of our English; teachers may become better fitted to instruct upon thls all-important subject.

It will be found that children early set to learning poetry,

judiciously selected, soon like to memorize poetry. This I know from experience as well as from observation. But the childish palate is not discriminating. Its food must be most carefully chosen. My wise teacher of literature set me when a college-girl of sixteen the task of learning a selection from Robert Browning's "One Word More." Did I comprehend it? Not entirely, but he knew that I would sometime do so; and so great was its power upon me that, after I became a mature woman, I was fain to commit to memory the whole of that sublime monody, greatest of all love-poems, which glorifies the deathless love of a great man for an equally great woman. My teacher "builded better than he knew," as he thus gently forced upon my soul the endless influence of a spirit yet greater than his own.

If the generation of children now in our schools shall become fairly fond of good reading and able to read well at sight from any modern English author, they will be more advanced than the average grade-teacher of to-day. Our teachers—I speak of the rank and file, not the gracious exceptions—do not read and can not read, at least, aloud and at sight, intelligently and intelligibly.

When they have thus learned to read, we may hope that their pupils will learn to read also; and when our children read, they will stand some chance of learning English grammar. Oh, yes, what *is* English grammar by the way? By no means, a system teaching *how to speak*, as is often erroneously supposed, but simply one showing *how the best writers of English have ever spoken*. Were it not better to take cool draughts from the Piërian Spring at its very source, rather than to suck straws at sun-warmed barrels? Literature for grammar and not grammar for literature should become the controlling principle.



A Penholder Case.

This penholder case has been thoroughly tried in the school room and has proved to be just what was wanted. It is given here in the hope that others will try it. It is noiseless, to begin with, and every teacher knows that the passing of penholders is a noisy matter, no matter how much pains are taken to prevent the rattle. This specimen penholder is designed for one row of seats only, and the number of the row is stitched upon it with colored silk. The number of the little pockets in it corresponds with the number of children in each row. It is made from black woollen cloth, which can be procured from the tailor in small bits, if not at hand in the home, and can be easily made on the machine and the edges notched with scissors. Care must be taken first to fit the penholder to the pocket, so that it will not fall out and still not "cling" when taken out or put back. The back of the case is made higher than the front to protect the points of the pens. If there are five rows of seats in the school room, there will be five cases needed. It will be well to give these into the hands of some careful little housekeeper-girl who will keep them in order.

When the time arrives for writing, the girl-monitor, at a signal, brings the box of penholder-cases and passes up the outside aisle, leaving one at each desk. At the count (1) each pupil in the outside desk lifts the case, takes out his penholder and is ready to pass it across the aisle with the hand next to the second row (right and left hands cannot be designated here as the position of seats in rooms vary). The next pupil in the row, horizontally, prepares to take it with the convenient hand, and so on across the room, till each child is supplied with his or her own penholder, no chance of mistake in penholders being possible. This movement of passing the cases should be made with military precision and no carelessness permitted, even if a few minutes are taken each day for the drill, to make it perfect. The children like it and it can be done *very quickly*, if every eye is on the alert. As the cases are passed from one seat to another (horizontally), the simultaneous movement of the hands holding the cases should be *as one hand*, and the hands held out to receive the cases should also move forward as one hand, thus bridging the aisle with outstretched hands, with the cases in the middle, in a straight line, grasped by a hand on either side at the same time. Looked at from the front of the room it looks as if one might walk up the aisle, stepping from case to case, they are so evenly held. The hands from one row drop at the teacher's count, and the next row repeats the movement. The case rests upon the last desk at the opposite side of the room during the writing exercise, and the gathering up of the pens and cases is made in the same manner with hands reversed.

It has taken a good many words to describe that which it takes but a few seconds to perform. The success of the "passing" will depend wholly upon the discipline in school and the "snap" of the teacher.—ED.

May I say a word in regard to the study of physiology in primary schools? I should feel very much better satisfied with the results of my own teaching, if I could devote the fifteen minutes now spent daily in talking to my second year pupils about equilateral-triangular prisms, axes of symmetry, and similar subjects, to telling them something about their own wonderfully organized little bodies. Physiology has a place in our school course, to be sure, but one altogether too subordinate. If, beginning with the lowest primary grades, physiology, combined with hygiene and pathology, were taught as thoroughly and progressively as, for example, arithmetic is, high school or even grammar school graduates would be possessed of knowledge of the highest practical importance. Such knowledge would help to render them independent of the over-worked physicians, and save them many a dollar. Ignorance bears upon its ugly shoulders more than evil intent does. E. T.

October Glories.

The lands are lit
With all the autumn blaze of Golden Rod;
And everywhere the Purple Asters nod
And bend and wave and flit.
—*Helen Hunt.*

Sumach.

The tints of autumn, —a mighty flower-garden blossoming under the spell of the Enchanter, Frost.
— *Whittier.*

October is the opal month of the year. It is the month of glory, of ripeness. It is the picture month.
—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

There is no season when such pleasant and sunny spots may be lighted on, and produce so pleasant an effect on the feelings, as now in October.
— *Hawthorne.*

October turned my maple's leaves to gold;
The most are gone now; here and there one lingers:
Soon these will slip from out the twigs' weak hold,
Like coins between a dying miser's fingers.
—*T. B. Aldrich.*

October strews the woodland o'er
With many a brilliant color;
The world is brighter than before,
Why should our hearts be duller?
—*Thomas W. Parsons.*

Noons are sunny, warm, and still,
A golden haze o'erhangs the hill;
Amber sunshine's on the floor
Just within the open door.
—*Elizabeth Cole.*

October is the month for painted leaves. October is the sunset sky of the year.
— *Thoreau.*

And now the orchards . . . . .
Were rich in autumn's mellow prime;
The clustered apples burnt like flame,
The soft-cheeked peaches blushed and fell,
The folded chestnut burst its shell,
The grapes hung purpling in the grange.
—*T. B. Aldrich.*

Yellow leaves, how fast they flutter — woodland hollows thickly strewing,
Where the wan October sunbeams scantly in the mid-day win.
—*Jean Ingelow.*

Ruskin once exclaimed of a valley bathed in Autumn hues, "This is not *color*, it is *conflagration*!"

"And scarlet berries tell where bloomed
The sweet wild-rose!"
— *Whittier.*

Autumn.

The world puts on its robes of glory now;
The very flowers are tinged with deeper dyes;
The waves are bluer, and the angels pitch
Their shining tents along the sunset skies.

The distant hills are crowned with purple mist;
The days are mellow, and the long calm nights,
To wondering eyes, like weird magicians show
The shifting splendors of the Northern Lights.

The generous earth spreads out her faithful stores,
And all the leaves are thick with ripened sheaves;
While in the woods, at Autumn's rustling step,
The maples blush through all their trembling leaves.
—*Albert Laighton.*

How bravely Autumn paints upon the sky
The gorgeous fame of Autumn which is fled.
— *Wood.*

Earth is all in splendor drest;
Queenly fair, she sits at rest.
—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom friend of the maturing sun
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines.
—*Keats.*

It is a solemn time, the sunset of the year.
—*R. H. Stoddard.*

O'er shouting children flies
The light October wind,
And, kissing cheeks and eyes
He leaves their merry cries
Far behind.
— *Bryant.*

Autumn Song.

No clouds are in the morning sky,
The vapors hug the stream —
Who says that life and love can die
In all this northern gleam!
At every turn the maples burn,
The quail is whistling free,
The partridge whirrs, and the frosted burrs
Are dropping for you and me.
Ho! hilly ho! heigh O!
Hilly ho!
In the clear October morning.

Along our path the woods are bold
And glow with ripe desire;
The yellow chestnut showers its gold,
The sumachs spread their fire;
The breezes feel as crisp as steel,
The buckwheat tops are red:
Then down the lane, love, scurry again,
And over the stubble tread!
Ho! hilly ho! heigh O!
Hilly ho!
In the clear October morning.
—*E. C. Stedman.*

Fractions.

(The following lesson is taken from a new ELEMENTARY ARITHMETIC written by Cook and Cropsey, and published by Silver, Burdett & Co. We are indebted to them for permission and accompanying illustration.— ED.)

Halves, Thirds, and Sixths.

One third of an orange is equal to how many sixths?

One half is how many sixths?

Fold a square of paper into two equal oblongs; one of the oblongs is what part of the whole?

Measure and draw (parallel to the line made by folding) lines which shall divide the paper square into three equal oblongs. One of these oblongs, made by drawing, is what part of the whole square?

How does one of these oblongs compare in size with $\frac{1}{2}$ the square? Which is larger, $\frac{1}{2}$ or $\frac{1}{3}$?

A third and a half of a third will make what part of the whole square?

Fold your square into six equal oblongs. One of the oblongs is what part of the whole square?

$\frac{3}{6}$ are what part of the whole? $\frac{1}{2}$ is equal to how many sixths?

$\frac{2}{6}$ are what part of the whole?

Take away $\frac{1}{3}$ of the square; how many sixths are left?

Draw an oblong on your slate; divide it into six equal oblongs. One of these is what part of the whole? Three of the small oblongs are what part of the large one?

Look at your drawing and find the answers to these questions:

$\frac{1}{3}$ and $\frac{1}{6}$ are how many sixths? $\frac{2}{6} + \frac{1}{3}$ are how many sixths?

$\frac{1}{3} + \frac{1}{3} = ?$	$\frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{6} = ?$	$\frac{6}{6} - \frac{5}{6} = ?$	$\frac{5}{6} - \frac{1}{3} = ?$
$\frac{2}{6} + \frac{1}{3} = ?$	$\frac{1}{2} + \frac{2}{6} = ?$	$\frac{6}{6} - \frac{1}{3} = ?$	$\frac{4}{6} - \frac{1}{2} = ?$
$\frac{1}{6} + \frac{2}{3} = ?$	$\frac{2}{6} + \frac{1}{2} = ?$	$\frac{6}{6} - \frac{1}{2} = ?$	$\frac{5}{6} - \frac{2}{3} = ?$
$4 \times \frac{1}{6} = ?$	$3 \times \frac{1}{3} = ?$	$6 \times \frac{1}{6} = ?$	$3 \times \frac{2}{6} = ?$

$\frac{4}{6}$ are how many thirds? $\frac{3}{6}$ are how many halves? $\frac{2}{6}$ are how many thirds?

A grocer bought a cheese, of which he sold on Monday $\frac{1}{6}$, and on Tuesday $\frac{1}{3}$. What part of the whole cheese remained unsold?

Henry is 24 miles from home. In returning, he rides $\frac{1}{3}$ of the distance on his bicycle, $\frac{2}{6}$ on horseback, and walks the remainder of the distance. How many miles does he walk?

12 cents is half my money; how many cents have I? Two times the half of anything equals what?

6 cents is $\frac{1}{3}$ of Ella's money; how many cents has she? 3 times $\frac{1}{3}$ equals what?

Find $\frac{1}{3}$ of 2. Take two squares. Fold each into three equal oblongs. Divide these two squares equally among three children. One child receives what part of the whole?

Place the oblongs so as to form the two squares again.

$\frac{1}{3}$ of 2 squares is what part of one square?

$\frac{1}{3}$ of 2 is what part of 1?

$\frac{1}{3}$ of 2 cakes is what? $\frac{1}{3}$ of 2 pineapples.

Divide 2 pies equally among three visitors; how much will each receive?

(Could any pupil be listless during this lesson?— ED.)

"Nothing so effectually deadens the class as the spectacle of a teacher occupied in slowly discovering the trouble with their written work. All board work, or work upon paper, if its criticism is to form a part of the work of the hour, must be accurately observed with lightning rapidity. The teacher must sense much that he does not see. He must know what has been done when there isn't time to look. This is acquired perception."

First Grade Number Work.

By CATHERINE A. TIERNEY, Westfield, Mass.

MOST children on entering the first grade of our public schools know the numbers one, two, and three by sight and name so there is little need to dwell at any length upon them except for the purpose of assuring ourselves that all the children know the combinations that make up the numbers as well as the numbers themselves. The children will now eagerly tell as many stories as you may think necessary to fix the combination in their mlnds. Do not dwell so long on one set of combinations that the children grow tired of repeating the stories and recite in a singsong or uninteresting manner.

Remember that reviews are always in order and that young children need variety to keep up their interest. Be careful to teach in such a way that the children will have recognized and named each number before they attempt to separate it into parts. Teach the children to think of associated facts together. For instance, have such stories as one block and four blocks are five blocks,— and four blocks and one block are five blocks, told, always, one directly after the other. When one child is reciting all the others in the class should work with him moving their blocks to illustrate the story that is being told.

An endless variety of stories may be had by allowing the children to use their imaginations and tell about whatever they choose. A wise teacher can, in this way, discover much of the different children's habits of thought, what subjects are most discussed at home by them, and what ones most interest the children. One delicate, refined appearing boy always commenced his number stories with, "One murder and —," notwithstanding the fact that his teacher had told him repeatedly that she did not like to hear such stories. An investigation of the case proved that the boy's father was feeding his son's imagination such unwholesome stuff as is found in the records of crime published in the daily papers and the child thought so continuously on such subjects that when given a chance to speak on whatever subject he chose, his mind always reverted to the one which was ever uppermost in his thoughts. Of course a few words of explanation to the parent from the teacher served to check the formation of a habit of thought that might have produced dire results if it had been allowed to develop.

As far as it is possible to do so all the subjects taught should be associated. For instance, if there have been cubes in the drawing lesson let the children talk about cubes in their number work; if they have been studying about parts of flowers in nature work let the number stories as far as possible relate to that work. Do not think that, because a class is being taught number all things else must be excluded.

Many teachers do not teach the subtraction until after they have taught all the additions through five. This is done to avoid confusion of the terms "and" and "less." The plan that has been given for teaching the additions is carried out in teaching the subtractions. There are so few multiplications and divisions below ten that many teachers do not touch either of these branches until after the additions and subtractions have been thoroughly mastered. This is done to avoid a confusion of terms.

For busy work any device that insures drill on the combinations already taught may be used. Drawing always interests the children and is an excellent form of busy work to be used at this stage. Any simple pictures such as those of crosses, stars, cups, tables, chairs, flags, wagons, boxes, in fact anything that can be represented by a few simple lines will do to illustrate the number stories told in the class. No signs should be used at this stage of the work and occasional readings of the stories told, should be called for to convince the teacher that the children are not working blindly. The following arrangement of letters will illustrate how these pictures should be arranged for the children and by them.

X XXXX	XXXXX
XXXX X	XXXXX
XX XXX	XXXXX
XXX XX	XXXXX

A very useful set of charts may be made by drawing the

pictures on manila paper with a rubber pen. In making these charts care should be used to make the pictures as large as they would be drawn on the blackboard; otherwise the children's eyes may be injured in trying to work from them.

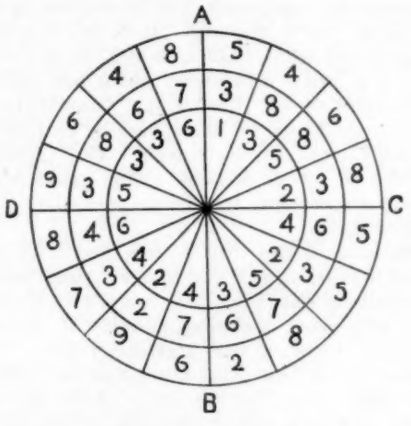
The number stories may be illustrated by means of pegs, small pieces of worsted, or any other similar device. The figures should not be taught until the class has learned all the combinations through ten objectively. Many teachers consider this one of the least important parts of the number work in the first grade.

A very useful set of charts may be made for the purpose of associating the number and the figure which stands for it by drawing rectangular figures on manila paper with the rubber pen and after dividing the figures into two equal parts represent the number by means of pictures in one part and place the figure which stands for the number in the other part. Of course the fractional parts of the numbers are taught in connection with the divisions, that is through one fifth at least. It will probably be found best not to teach the fractional parts of units during the first year.

Review in Arithmetic.

By MARGARET L. MCCUDDEN, Pawtucket, R. I.

This device may be used with advantage after the children have had practice with numbers. It will serve as a constant review. It may be used as busy work or a few minutes may be devoted to it before or after class work. It may be drawn on the board where it can easily be seen, or a large sheet of paper may be used. I prefer the board as it is very easy to change the numbers as often as desired. It can be used as follows:



1. Commence at A and proceed to the left and add the numbers in outer, middle, or inner apartments as far as D, thus — $8 + 4 + 6 + 9 = 27$
$7 + 6 + 8 + 3 = 24$
$6 + 3 + 3 + 5 = 17$

Then commence at D and proceed in same way to B; then from B to C; from C to A. Ifrecited orally have the pupil simply say— $8, 12, 18, 27.
$7, 13, 21, 24.
$6, 9, 12, 17.

2. Commencing at A add outer and middle numbers and take away the inner one, as, $8 + 7 - 6 = 9$ or orally 8, 15, 9.
$4 + 6 - 3 = 7$ " " 4, 10, 7
and so on as far as desired.

3. Multiply outer and middle together and add the inner, $8 \times 7 + 6 = 52$ or, orally 56, 62.

4. Multiply outer and middle together and take away inner $8 + 7 - 6 = 50$ or, 56, 50.

5. Multiply inner and middle together and add or subtract outer.

6. Add outer and middle and divide by inner.

7. Multiply inner and middle together and divide by outer.

These are a few of the many ways in which it can be used.

Sonnet.

What does a day in mid-October mean?
Free life, strong feeling, new and quick delight,
All things that are most warm, most rich and bright,
All things that are most sudden, stirring, keen!
The glowing hills, the mountain-gaps between,
The sharp, fringed outlines of the wooded height,
The blue, blue sky, the clouds of rifted white,
The something that is felt and heard and seen!
The genial sun, the strong and breezy air,
The depth of color ere the year shall die,
The sense of life that comes before decay;
The trees that glow ere Winter strips them bare,
The birds that sing before they southward fly,
All these in a mid-October day!

— *Dora R. Goodale.*

One Book — Its Warning.

By E. D. K.

"AN Elementary Botany," forty years old lay upon the table. A little girl had marked the answers in that book forty years ago, when she was only ten years old. Let us look at some of them.

[From the old text book.]

Is air necessary to vegetation?
Ans. (air is)
Are all flowers classed by the number of stamens?
Ans. (this is not correct.)
What is a papilionaceous corolla?
Ans. (A flower with a banner, two wings and a keel)
What are plants destitute of leaves called?
Ans. (Aphyllous)
Is the leaf noticed in determining the species of plants?
Ans. (are)
Does the process with respect to the change of leaves always take place?
Ans. (not always.)
What terms express the form of the leaf?
Ans. (various terms)
When is a calyx said to be superior?
Ans. (when it is situated on the summit of the germ)
When the calyx drops off before the flower fully expands, what is it called?
Ans. (caduceóus)
Does there appear to be any difference in the nature of vegetables?
Ans. (is very apparent)
What is remarked of leaves in respect to size?
(vary in size)
What organs have plants beside those already named?
Ans. (appendages)

Do any teachers remember any school book like this, that is now hidden away under the eaves? The questions, you know, were at the bottom of the page in fine print and like these quoted — nearly all of them — contain the whole fact, leaving only the affirmative echo for the children to memorize. No wonder they hunted for the fewest words that would "do" for the answer. Their instincts must have told them that anything else would simply be a repetition and a waste of time.

The high-sounding words and stilted style of the work is also a reminder of the kind of books we have happily grown away from. The absurdity of giving such dead botany to anybody, and worst of all to ten-year-olds, and calling it "elementary!"

The moral application of the subject is just as clumsily made. Here is a personal appeal at the close of a chapter:

"My dear children, it is your duty, as it should be your pleasure, to search into the wonders of created nature, to exercise your mental faculties, and to animate your pious feelings in thinking much upon the works of God."

As a key to the proper recitation of that paragraph, the teacher is instructed, in the preface, to have the children vary the pronoun from the second to the first person, thus rendering it "*our* duty," "*our* pious felings," etc.

Such school books, as we come upon them now and then, serve as milestones to mark our educational progress. In

the adaptation of science to the needs and capacity of children, there has certainly been great gain. Neither is it now considered the wisest way to manufacture ethical deductions and plaster them on to every chapter of information. But the art of questioning — has there been an equal gain in that? Is it an unheard-of thing to hear such questions as the above, in any of the school rooms, in these days? Does not the over anxiety to carry pupils along rapidly, keep alive this habit of suggestive questioning that completely kills all continuity of thought — all concentration? Would it not be a corrective for every teacher to remember that —

"Christopher Columbus discovered America, did he not, my dear?"

"Yes'm."

Drawing in Primary Schools.

II.

First Lessons in Form.

By HENRY T. BAILEY, State Supervisor of Drawing, Mass.

BUT the illustrative sketching is not enough. Gossip, (mere reporting of facts, *et cetera*, endlessly), never produces an accurate, elegant English style! No more will mere illustrative sketching make good reliable drawing. It is too superficial. It must be reënforced by systematic, thorough study of the science of Drawing, and by persistent, intelligent practice of the art.

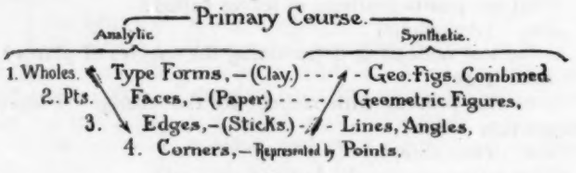

Primary Course.
Analytic
Synthetic.
1. Wholes.
2. Pts.
3.
4. Corners, — Represented by Points.
Type Forms, — (Clay.) - - - - Geo. Figs. Combined
Faces, — (Paper.) - - - - Geometric Figures,
Edges, — (Sticks.) - - - Lines, Angles,

Fig. 7.

For this, definite *time* should be set apart and conscientiously improved. One hour a week is little enough — two would be more just. Divide this time into convenient and reasonable periods. Perhaps a daily lesson during first and second years, and three each week afterward, is best. Having once determined the lesson periods, let them be like the laws of the Medes and Persians.

An insight into *the course* as a whole, is of next importance.

The pupil is to be trained to *know* and to correctly *represent* the form of objects. He begins with the study of type forms, and models these in clay; he analyzes the types, and represents their faces by paper; he studies faces representing edges concretely by sticks, and corners by points; this placing of points prepares for drawing lines, representing edges; lines combined produce geometric figures representing faces; and geometric figures, normal, varied or modified, when properly combined form the basis of the grammar work in Drawing. Here it is put concisely, the arrows indicating the progression. (Fig. 7.)

The *materials* required are spheres, cylinders, and cubes (Fig. 8,) to be used as type solids,[1] and five or ten pounds of sculptor's clay;[2] tablets and sticks are useful, but not indispensable, for paper and tooth picks or straws may be substituted. Be sure that there are a few objects in the school-room based on each of the type forms.

The *lessons* should be short, direct and attractive, and may be given as follows:

1. *The sphere.* (Have a box containing a sphere, marbles, a ball, a shot, a cylinder, one or two cylindrical objects, a cube, and some cubical objects). Pass a sphere about among the pupils for their examination. "Who can find something shaped like that in this box?" "Who else?" "Another may try." When the pupils recognize the shape readily, give the name, Sphere. "How does the sphere feel to the hand?" "How does it look?" "What will the sphere do when placed on the floor?" "What when placed on an inclined desk-top?" Ask other questions and suggest other experiments to make clear the mental picture, and to develop the ideas that a sphere is smooth and round every way. By skillful questioning lead the children to use correctly the terms *sphere* and *spheres*. Write the name on the black-board.

2. *Spherical objects.* Review the sphere. Lead the pupils (*a*) to find similar objects in the room; (*b*) to think of objects shaped like a sphere; (*c*) to recall spherical objects when described; as, for instance, "I am thinking of something shaped like a sphere, about as large as a small marble, red, sour: it grows on vines, close to the ground and is used for sauce, at Thanksgiving!"

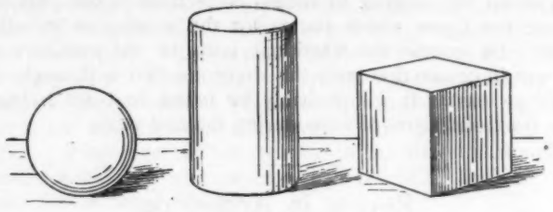


Fig. 8.

Three degrees of mental effort are thus required of the pupil; (*a*) Idea sphere compared with an object present to the senses; (*b*) two ideas compared; (*c*) thought developed through selection and combination of ideas. Ask the pupils to bring spherical objects for use in other lessons. They will bring everything from a gold bead to a "spit-ball", and from a pumpkin to a dust shot.

3. *Modeling the sphere.* Have the clay in good condition, — soft enough to model easily, but not soft enough to adhere to the fingers. Drop the mass upon some hard, smooth surface, again aud again, until it is cubical in form. Cut it by means of a string into pieces about one cubic inch in size. Distribute these. Review the form to be molded. Lead the pupils to model the sphere by pressing the clay between the fingers, *not* by rolling. The smooth surface may be obtained, *at the last*, by rolling gently between the palms — but smoothness is entirely secondary to general roundness of mass.

Select the most worthy clay spheres, and mark them with the makers' initials, using a pen or other sharp point. Collect the remaining clay, place it in a moist cloth, sprinkle it generously with water, and after allowing it to stand for a few moments, wedge it into a compact mass; wrap it in moist cloths, and outside place a piece of old waterproof or other "air-tight" cloth. If the inner cloths are moistened occasionally, clay so wrapped will keep in condition to use an indefinite length of time,—a whole term.

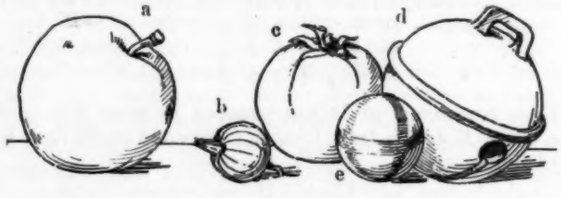


Fig. 9.

4. *Modeling a spherical object.* Select an *evident* application of the type. Lead the pupils to determine the important characteristics, — those which distinguish the object from other spherical objects. Model the type, modify it to conform to the selected object. Do not allow the pupils to attempt the reproduction of unimportant or minute detail.

5. *Modeling from memory;* to give additional practice, and to test the truth and completeness of the pupil's concept. This exercise may be the modeling of the sphere, or of the approximate form. Whichever it is no assistance should be given by the teacher. In all these lessons the correct pronunciation of the new words should be persistently required. "Sp'ere" is no more *sphere* than "'and" is hand, or "drawin'" drawing.

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1. These cost about two cents each when purchased in large quantities. All the material required for first year work, may be obtained, packed in a neat box, either from the Prang Educational Company, or from the American Book Company.

2. According to size of school. Five pounds will do for a dozen pupils. Clay may be obtained from almost any dealer in school supplies.

The order of lessons here given may serve for all the type solids.

1. The type { *a.* Recognition. *b.* Name. *c.* Qualities and attributes. *d.* Approximates.
2. Similar objects { *a.* Observed *b.* Remembered *c.* Imagined.
3. The type modeled.
4. Similar object modeled.
5. Memory lesson.

Illustrative sketching of the spheres and spherical objects may follow or accompany these lessons; but the chief business now is to add to the pupil's knowledge of form. As a wise master-builder, lay the foundations that another may find something to build upon.

Burroughs — Birds — Audubon.

"Then in the fall when the birds moved south, a new set from the north moved in and took their places; the stage was emptied and entirely new actors appeared upon the scene. The yellow rumpled warbler came, darting familiarly about; the brown creeper, with his fine lisp, and quick spiral motion up the boughs of the trees, looking like an animated piece of maple bark; the kinglets came quick and nervous, darting from limb to limb in the evergreens, with a little flash of brown wings; and more noticeable than all, the northern sparrows came, — the white throat, the white crowned, the fox, and later, the Canada, troops of them, singing in a sly tentative kind of way now and then, and making the sunny places along the bushy fences and in abandoned fiields very animated.

"All these and scores of other birds flew, as it were, right out of Audubon's books. It was his magic touch that summoned them forth for me. The key to our whole feathered kingdom he placed in my hand, and the delight I have had for over twenty years in following up the clews he gave me, could not easily be told. It has furnished the main motive for so many walks, so many excursions, so much exhilarating open air life!

"The secret of observing nature then is, first, love of her works; and second, an alertness and intentness of the mind in one direction. The mind must not be veiled or introverted; it must be like a sensitive plate quick to receive impressiohs. The eye does not always see what is in front of it. Indeed it might almost be said, it sees only what is back of it in the mind. Whenever I have any particular subject in mind, every walk gives me new material. If I am thinking about tree-toads, I find tree-toads. If I am dwelling upon birds' nests, I find plenty of nests which otherwise I should have passed by. If bird songs occupy me I am bound to hear some new or peculiar note."

A Longfellow Book.

Made by the Children.

By MABEL L. GRIFFIN, Lynn, Mass.

I gave my scholars the following for busy work. While I was hearing one class read, I let some pupil in the other, pass papers and pencils, and the scholars copied on paper the last gem they had learned. They soon learned to do this without disturbing me.

Each gem learned was copied in this way, verse by verse, on the writing paper. At the end of the year we took these and made a book of them. Those children in whose home there was no volume of Longfellow's poems, were much pleased with this idea, and those who had a book were delighted to give theirs to some one who had none.

Directions.

Let the pupils bring in a paste-board box of such size that two pieces the size of the papers, may be cut from it for the covers, and about a yard of "daisy" ribbon. In copying the verses leave a space half an inch wide at the left. Punch holes in both papers and covers, an inch apart and half an inch from the edge, taking care to have them directly over one another when placed together. Lace it with the ribbon threaded into a needle and tie in a bow at the bottom.

By this means other pages may easily be inserted. Use the glazed paper side of the box for the outside of the covers. If any have been so fortunate as to find a picture of Longfellow in some old magazine, let them cut it out and paste it in the upper left hand corner of the front cover. How proud they will be at having a book with one of these on it! How envious some of the others! You will feel repaid by investing in a little gold paint and writing in fancy letters across each front cover, "Gems from Longfellow."

These little books, poor as they are, may go into homes where a better volume has never found its way, and be examined, praised and even read by people who have never before had these poems brought to their notice.

The other night some of my boys were remaining after school to help me. One of them, a bright child, but troublesome, asked if he might look at my copy of Longfellow's poems. I answered, "Yes," for I did not consider it too fine for other hands than mine and watched the boy as he sat quietly by himself and opened the book.

Soon he was busy reading and I stole softly up to see what interested him. He looked up as I came near, smiled brightly and said, "I've always always wanted to read this ever since you read us parts of it. Mamma is going to buy Mr. Longfellow's poems for me."

I went home that night feeling that, if one child had been enough interested in one of Longfellow's poems to want to read the rest and to ask his mother to buy him a book of the poems, if I had accomplished nothing else by my teaching, I had at least done *something*.

Questions in Ethics.

[Teachers will confer a favor upon the editor and readers of this paper, if they will answer the following questions, by giving their personal experience in dealing with such cases. Don't be afraid to tell your mistakes. Write clearly and pointedly, and remember you will gain force, converts and the gratitude of everybody, if you will put the facts into the fewest possible words. But — *write.*]

1. What course can be pursued with children to convince them that it is a false sense of honor that keeps them from giving (when requested) information necessary for the discipline of the school, because they will not "tell" against their classmates?

2. How can the sentiment of the school be turned against the standing of the bad boy (or girl) who makes the teacher a world of trouble, and yet is exceedingly popular with the children?

An October Talk.

One pleasant day in October an acorn and a chestnut were lying side by side on the brown earth where they had fallen. "I hope I shall be safe in the ground before winter comes," said the acorn, "for I expect to become a great oak some time, and oaks, as you know, are the kings of the forest."

"Yes' I hope so, too," said the chestnut, "I want to be safe before winter comes. I would like to grow into a tree."

"Oh, chestnut trees are not much," said the acorn. "No one cares anything about them except the boys. For my part, if I were a tree, I shouldn't care to live just to please a few children."

"Well," said the chestnut, "every tree to its taste. Some trees would rather have their food liked by boys and girls than have it to be fit for nothing but pigs."

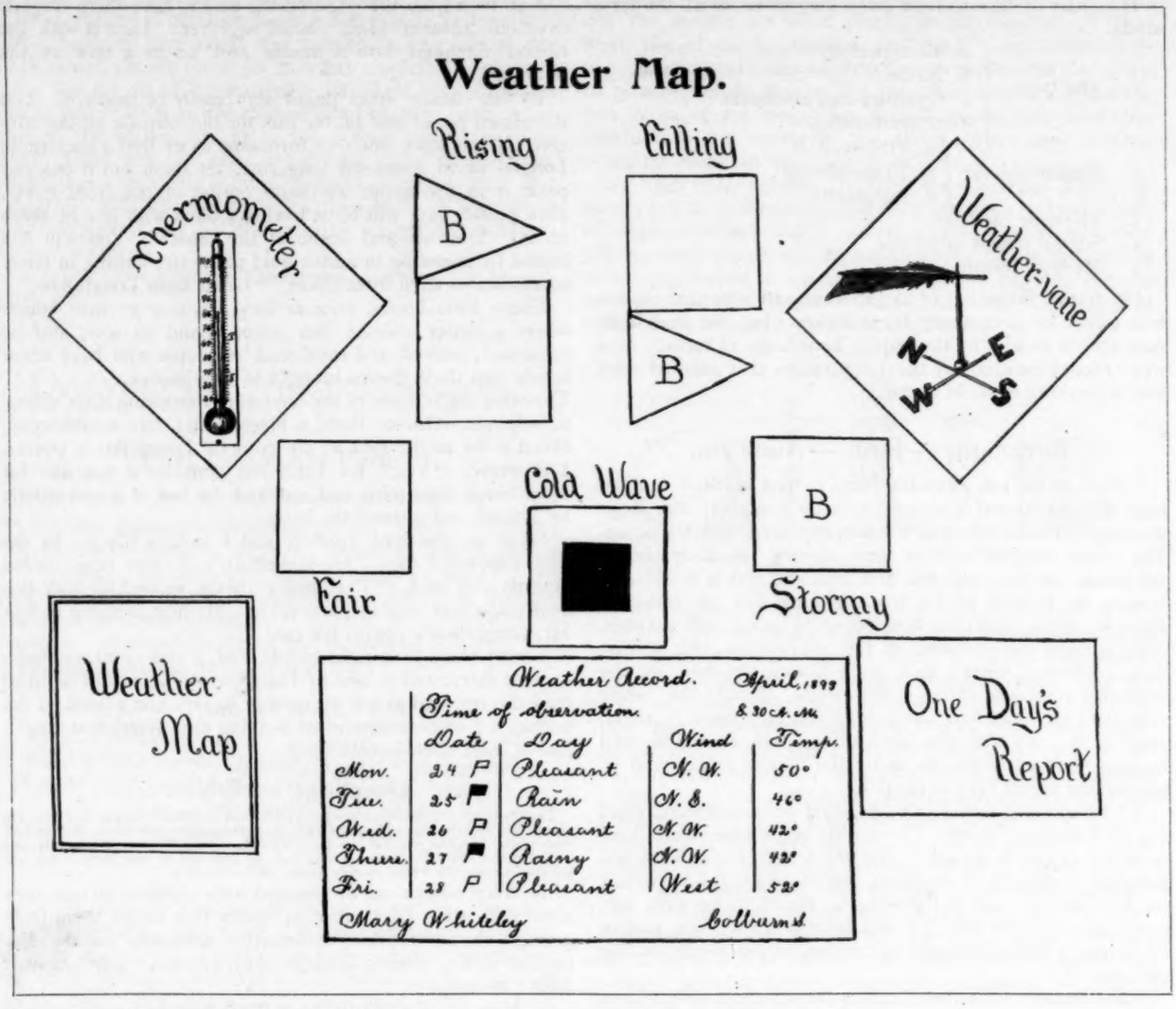
"What?" said the acorn, growing angry. "The oak is the noblest of all the trees. I heard a man say one day, 'Great oaks from little acorns grow;' what a noble tree may be expected from such an acorn as I am!" "Ah, how glad I am that I'm an acorn and not a chestnut!"

Just then a squirrel, who had been peeping at them from her nest in the hollow of a tree, jumped down and seized the chestnut in her little gray paws.

"Good-by." sneered the acorn, as she carried it away. "That's the last of *you*. But there is no great loss, Chestnuts are good enough for squirrels."

But, when the squirrel had put the chestnut away in her nice little house, she sprang down again, seized the acorn and carried it up too,

"Halloo!" said the chestnut, "here we are together again. There is little hope now that either of us will ever become a tree." But the acorn said nothing.



Explanation.

This map is a miniature production of a larger one. The different black-lined figures on this indicate the different pieces of paper, fastened on the larger map of gray card-board. The thermometer was placed on blue paper about three inches square in the form indicated here. "B" in the different figures means that the space was covered with blue paper; unmarked figures with white paper. In "Cold Wave" the centre was black. The printed official weather map in left hand corner was folded and fastened to card-board with mucilage as were all the papers. "One Day's Report" gave the actual work of the pupil, as is given in a specimen report below.

The weather-vane was constructed with two small, round tooth-picks, and a black pin, fastened where they cross, holds a real, black quill. The word "Temperature" should follow the words "Rising" and "Falling",—not given here for want of space. The thermometer was a real one, but small enough to look well on the paper. The flags 25 and 27 under "Date" are blue.

Weather Map.

At the close of school last June, I wrote to Mrs. Dewey, Principal of city training school at Lowell, Mass., requesting a weather map which I had seen on exhibition from that school. The map was kindly sent, and an effort has here been made to give the teachers an idea of it, on a small scale, for use in their own rooms. The map was large (perhaps 18 x 14 in.) and very carefully prepared on gray card-board. By following the explanations given below the map a correct mental picture may be had of the whole map.

Mrs. Dewey, in answer to my questions concerning the official paper weather map indicated at the lower left of the map says; "The folded map is sent out by the Weather Bureau to almost any schools that ask for them — indeed, I do not know but they will send it to *any* school. They send free of charge. Our higher grammar grades in the Lowell training school learned to *read* the map, and some pupils became expert in foretelling the weather without looking at the printed matter in the chart. It is a good way for pupils to learn effect of winds, etc."

Mrs. Dewey after a long and highly successful career as principal of the Lowell training school, has accepted the position of Supt. of Schools at North Adams, Mass.— ED.

Pupil's Report.

GERTRUDE HOBBS. May 16, 1893.

It is cold and cloudy to-day and has been raining. The wind is north-east.

May 17, 1893.

This morning it was rainy but this afternoon the sky is clear and the sun shines.

Work on Meteorology.

In Primary Schools.

By ALICE M. CLARKE, Lowell Training School, Mass.

A foundation should be laid early in the school work for a later reading and understanding of the weather maps, now furnished free to all the public schools.

Children, naturally interested in all around them, can easily be led to notice the sun, its different positions, its apparent motions, and its frequent disappearings during nights and cloudy weather. The clouds should be watched, the kinds, movements, and effects noted. Rain can easily be associated with cloudy days and the connection inferred. Different kinds of rain, as warm or cold, gentle or heavy, misty or showery can be contrasted and stories made about them by teacher and pupils.

This power to contrast or compare — to see similarities and

differences—is not strong at first, but should be cultivated as it is the basis of reasoning.

Lessons showing differing forms of water, as snow, ice, hail, frost and dew should be given and their relation shown. Experiments should be performed in the presence of the children, changing these forms into water, and when possible converting water into these forms.

Winds afford material for many lessons, valuable for training in observation, inference, and reasoning.

After cardinal and semi-cardinal points have been taught, each child should be encouraged to make a simple weather-vane, and experiment with it until thoroughly understanding its use. Different winds can now be named and their characteristics associated with their direction.

Poems read by teacher and repeated or sung by children deepen the interest and make more permanent the impression of these lessons. "What do the Winds Bring?" "A Fable of Cloud Land," "Jack Frost," and many others are favorites with the children.

Gradually the various facts of the child's own experience may be gathered together into simple weather observations, written by teacher on the black-board, but only as gained from the pupils.

Very much earlier than one would think who had not tried it, the children may be helped and encouraged to make their own daily weather report.

As soon as fair days are named and distinguished from stormy ones the appropriate weather flags may be made by teacher upon the board and copied by the children. The square white for fair, and the square blue flag for stormy weather.

As the children grow older, the thermometer should be examined and experimented with, so that its use may be learned. In connection with this work, the temperature flag, the triangular blue, should be taught.

The cold-wave flag,—white with black centre can be used during the winter work.

As the power of observing and comparing grows in the children, their attention may be directed to the moon, its phases, and the difference in time of rising from day to day.

More work can be done now with water, by exposing it in shallow dishes and allowing it to evaporate. It may also be boiled in the school-room over an alcohol lamp. Children's attention should be directed to the disappearance of water, after a rain, and the causes inquired into.

Much of the children's work can and should be illustrated by them by drawings and specimens preserved by the teacher for their encouragement.

The weather-flags, weather-vane, thermometer, and specimens of children's daily work can be mounted on card-board and make a valuable and interesting chart for use in primary work.

Gentian.

By KATE L. BROWN.

In spring I found the violet,
And rosy mayflowers sweet;
And next, white-fingered daisy
Was courtseying at my feet;

Then wild rose swung her censer,
And in a secret hour,
The lonely meadow flamed abroad
With gorgeous cardinal flower.

Soon golden-rod close followed
And aster's gentle eye;
Now withered leaves and dying sod
Beneath a sombre sky.

I start — among the grasses
What eyes of heaven-blue gleam,
All darkly fringed with lashes
Beside the quiet stream?

Oh! glance of true affection,
The gentian still is here;
The promise set 'mid fading,
The darling of the year.

Early Frosts of Autumn.

By SARAH E. SCALES, Lowell, Mass.

"Old Frost, the silversmith has come,
His crisping touch is on the weed;
The lingering flowers must now succumb,
And sing their death song to the reeds."

HOW many children have been out into country fields or meadows at early morning in summer?

What did you find on the grass? (Dew.)

Have any of you gardens or flowers growing near your home?

What, in summer time, do you find there, too, at early morning? What on the lawn? (The grass and plants covered with wet or dew.)

Do you see any of it as you go home from school at night?

Where do you think this moisture or dew is then?

Why do you not see it? Or why is it not found on the grass all day?

You say the sun dries it up. What is meant by drying up? Yes, it is turned into invisible gas or vapor as it is called. When it becomes visible in the air, it assumes various forms. Dew is made of little globules condensed from this vapor, upon the cool objects with which it comes in contact.

(Show how dew is found by an experiment. Place a pitcher of ice water in a warm room for a few minutes. Notice the little drops forming on the outside. This is similar to the way dew forms.

If however the dew point of the air is below freezing, there will be, not water drops forming, but ice needles, or spikelets on the grass and herbage. To show how frost is formed, to the children, take a tin can and fill with pounded ice and half as much coarse salt, and place in a warm room. Observe with magnifying glass.)

After sundown, those objects which cool fastest, and thus become coldest have dew (or frost) fall on them more abundantly, so grass and plants generally, though no better radicators than soil or rocks, cool fastest, and we find more dew on them in the morning.

On some afternoon in autumn tell the children to look the next morning on rocks, grass and other things and tell you what they see. See if it is found on everything? If possible have some grass with frost on it examined.

Question; How does this frost differ from the dew which we saw in summer? (White and solid, needle-like.)

Perhaps some child may say the dew is frozen. Show by experiment given that this is not correct. Let them notice that the frost is in the form of tiny spikelets, or ice needles, while the dewdrops seem globular.

If the dew point of the air is below freezing, these little spikelets form, and make white frost or rime as it is called. Now children watch and see if there is frost after cloudy nights, and on clear and cold nights. Which would have the more frost, high mountains or low plains? Spring or autumn? In warm countries or cold?

What effect has the frost on our gardens? How does the gardener protect his plants and fruits?

Do you know of any use that the frost is to us? (Ripens some fruits, opens nut coverings, etc.)

What animals depend upon Jack Frost for their winter supply? (Squirrels.)

After a good frosty night in many places what do we see boys and girls do? Go nutting and gather walnuts, chestnuts, butternuts, and other kinds.

What appearance has the landscape after many frosts?

What do the migratory birds do when the frosts begin to come?

Which ones are the last to mind Jack Frost and the cold weather?

Read the stanza given at the beginning of this column.

Why is Old Frost called the silversmith?

What do you think the second line means?

Do you know of any flowers that linger till the last?

Read the third and fourth stanza of Bryant's "Death of the Flowers." Use these as "memory gems." Have the reading lessons on some stories and poems of Jack Frost.

A Reading Lesson.

By SARAH E. GRISWOLD, Cook Co. Normal, Englewood, Ill.

DURING the first week of January the subject of Foods was taken up with a class of children that entered school last September.

The materials used in the lessons referred to were some stalks of wheat, some dry wheat, a small mortar and pestle, a small sieve and a plate for holding the flour.

For convenience, and to allow more individual work, the school was divided into groups for the observation lessons, each group doing the same work only modified to suit the needs of the different groups.

A group being called for a lesson, a few questions about our food led to the mention of bread, flour and wheat. The wheat stalks and heads were examined and the children were given the dry grains of wheat.

As its name was given, the word "wheat" was written on the board in a large, clear script. The children were asked to tell what they knew about its growth and the manner of making into flour, the word "flour" also being written on the board.

During the conversation the teacher at first pointed to either written word as it was spoken, but soon simply pointed to the word when it was needed, allowing the children to speak the word as it was indicated.

While the interest was fully aroused, the words were erased and the teacher said, "Who will say 'wheat' for me in this way?" rapidly writing the word again. The word was then quickly erased and one of the eager volunteers was allowed to try, the class watching and unconsciously holding the concept of the word in consciousness, as they delightedly it affirmed, "That's right!"

After one or two others had written the word the whole class made the attempt, most of them succeeding at the first trial. The ones who failed were shown the word again and was correctly written.

"You say we make flour from wheat," says the teacher, quickly writing the word "flour" as it is spoken. "Who will say this word with the chalk!" Allowing time for a quick look only, the word was erased and the children wrote as before.

The children were then led to pound or grind the wheat in the mortar, to sift the flour and to wet some of it to make dough.

During these experiments such words as grind, ground, sift, bran, water, dough and many others were presented as used, and written by the children under the stimulus of interest in the work. The word was always erased before the children wrote, a word never being written from a copy.

In each lesson the teacher wrote some sentences on the board, most of the questions being asked in this way, and being similar to the following:

"What have you to-day?
Where did it come from?
What is made from it?
Can you make flour out of wheat?
Do you like to grind wheat?
Do you like to sift flour?
What is the bran good for?
Do you like to make dough?
Can you make bread?
Wonld you like to be a baker?
Would you like to be a miller?"

These sentences and many others were read by the children and answered orally or by a written word or sentence as the teacher requested. At the close of each lesson, the children wrote several sentences telling what they had done. Examples of their work will be given later.

The materials were placed where the children could get them and they were allowed to grind and sift whenever there was opportunity, during recess as well as in school hours.

Pictures of wheat fields, reapers, gleaners, mills and kitchens were brought into the room and placed within reach of the children.

While these lessons in observation and experimenting were going on the poem, "Alice's Supper," (No. 62 in Eleanor Smith's "Songs for Little Children") was given first in story form, then written on the board by the teacher and illustrated by the children.

The hills and "the valley where the wheat grew deep," and "the river where the old mill stands" were represented at the sand table, and the mill, the miller's house, and the house where Alice lived were located and built with the blocks.

The story was pictured on black-board and paper by the children and also furnished a topic for some paper cutting.

In the Sloyd work they made in cardboard small rectangular trays for bread pans and the "Mill Song" (No. 60 Eleanor Smith's Songs) was learned with much pleasure. The story of the "Little Red Hen" was also told and thoroughly enjoyed.

This union of observation work, story, song and occupation secured the concentration of the child's power and aroused great interest in the subject.

In all the lesson the teacher used written expression constantly and easily, calling on the children to do the same as has been indicated, never allowing a word to be copied. The children were eager to write and express their own thought independently.

Each child read his own writing and frequently that of some other child.

Space will not permit a large number of specimens to be given but one or two will illustrate. Where the child's name is given the work has been copied exactly as he wrote it, at one lesson on the blackboard. Where the name of a group is given the sentences have been selected from the work of a group and read in this order.

We had some wheat.
We ground the wheat.
We made flour out of the wheat.
We sifted the flour.
Did you see the flour?
Did you see the bran?
We get wheat from the field.
What is the wheat good for?
January 9, 1893. (Written by JOSEPH EASTMAN.)

I heard a story about Little Red Hen.
The Little Red Hen had some wheat.
The Little Red Hen did some work.
The Little Red hen made some bread.
The Little Red Hen called her six chickens to eat the bread.
January 9, 1893. (Writren by EMMA HAJEK.)

Did you hear about Alice?
Alice lived on a hill.
Some wheat grew in the valley.
The reapers cut the wheat.
The miller ground the wheat.
He made flour out of the wheat.
The cook made bread out of the flour.
It was good bread.
Alice ate the bread for her supper.
Do you eat bread for your supper?
Who makes your bread?
Alice could not make bread.
She was only a little girl.
She ate bread to make her grow.
Do you eat bread to make you grow?
What else do you eat to make you grow?
What do you do to make you strong?
January 10, 1893. (Written by GROUP 5A)

This may serve to indicate something of the method of work and give an idea of the result in so far as writing and reading is concerned but the real gain to the children can not be thus shown.

Their broadening experience, their relation of the school work to the world about them, their attitude toward things around them, their joy in doing must be seen to be appreciated.

The observation of this growth in the child is one of the privileges of a teacher.

On Fire!

Oh, Birdie, fly! for the maple tree,
Where your nest is hid so cunningly,
With scarlet flames is ablaze, I see.

On the maple's mantle the bright sparks fall,
On the creeping woodbine along the wall;
On the sturdy oak-trees, staunch and tall.

Oh, Birdie, fly! to the Southland hie,
For the woods are blazing beneath our sky,
And your home is on fire, Birdie, — fly!

— ESTHER B. TIFFANY.

The Mountain Ash.

Suggestions for an October Talk with the Children.

The Mountain Ash, or Rowan-tree, is beautiful in all its conditions and at all seasons. Its elegant pinnate foliage, not flowing, like that of the locust, but neat, firm, and finely serrate, and its flowers, in large clusters, like those of the

Mountain Ash

elder, render the tree very conspicuous when in blossom. But its greatest ornament is the scarlet fruit that hangs from every branch in the autumn. Its beauty is such as children admire, who are guided by a sense of its material attractions, and do not generally prize a tree except for its elegance and colors. . . . . It is peculiarly the tree of romance, being remarkable for the many superstitious customs connected with it. There is no churchyard in Wales without a Mountain Ash-tree planted in it, as the yew-trees are in the churchyards of England. So on a certain day of the year everybody in Wales religiously wears a cross made of the wood.—*Flagg.*

A Superstition.

The Icelanders have a curious idea respecting the mountain-ash, affirming that it is an enemy of the juniper, and that if one is planted on one side of a tree, and the other on the other, they will split it. It is also asserted that if both are kept in the same house it will be burnt down; but, on the other hand, there is a belief among some sailors that if the rowan-tree be used in a ship, it will sink the vessel unless juniper be found on board.

Legend of the Tree.

The demons of the underground world had stolen a beautiful cup from the gods. The gods were in great grief over the loss of the cup which they so highly prized.

"I will try to get it," said the falcon. "I, with my sharp, far-seeing eyes saw them put it in a cave, deep down among the mountains."

So the falcon set off on his mission for the gods.

Reaching the cave he had a struggle with one of the demons, who had been placed there to guard the cave. A terrible struggle, in which the falcon, though victorious, lost many of his feathers, and was also severely wounded. Then, wherever the blood or his feathers fell, a beautiful tree sprang up—a tree with *feather*-like leaves, and *blood*-red berries. The arrows which the demon shot after the falcon were the lightening flashes. Hence all trees with red berries and feather-like leaves were called "Lightning Trees."

A Season's Lessons.

By Anna B. Badlam, Dorchester, Mass.

Outline of Lessons:—1. Word Pictures based upon the poem, "Come Little Leaves." Method:—Catechetical to insure vivid thought and clear comprehension of the language of the poem.

2. *Daily Weather Reports* of five minutes length. Method:—Observation of the general phenomena viz:—nature of the morning, the air; direction of the wind; appearance of the sky; appearance of the ground, trees, bushes; the falling of leaves; the formation of den, frost, etc. Short simple statements written upon the board for an impromptu reading lesson, later to be copied upon the slate as a general exercise in language.

3. *Information lesson* based upon an examination of the twigs from a horse chestnut tree.

A Typical Lesson.

Last week we learned the poem about the leaves; to-day I have some curious things to show you and to tell you. You remember how the leaves fell from the horse chestnut tree early in the season? Here I have a twig of a horse chestnut tree; see how some of the leaves are still clinging. I will now distribute a twig to each of you; if you will examine your twig carefully you will be able to understand the little secret I am going to tell you.

All through the spring and summer the tree grave her strength to making her buds and leaves grow, and to changing her beautiful blossoms into her fruit or nuts. Do you remember the beautiful blossoms? Do you remember how one writer for the kindergarten children (Miss Wiltse) told the story of a little boy who thought the horse chestnut tree in blossom was "God's Christmas tree.?" The blossoms do look like waxen tapers tall and beautiful. Through the summer the tree drank in the rain and the sunshine, the fresh air through her foliage and roots; by foliage I mean all her leaves. She grew more beautiful, more majestic, until this fall, when she began to throw down her leaves and her ripened nuts. Do you know why? She had done all she could for them in helping them to grow; now she must do the work before the long winter sets in, so she gently dropped her leaves to form a soft coverlet for her roots, and if any little timid leaf did not want to let go its hold she gently pushed it off in this way. See this little bud just where the old leaf is clinging! It has almost pushed the leaf out of the way.

The bud is a baby-leaf for next spring. Mother tree has taken good care of it. You may take these little wooden splints to open this little gummy coat that is to keep out the rain and sleet and snow of winter, but mother tree knew that would not be warm enough; so just as your mother gives you a warm coat to wear under your waterproof or rubber coat, mother tree has given each little bud a soft woolly one; touch it and see how soft it is where you have opened the gummy coat. If you look carefully, within the woolly coat you will see the baby bud curled up for its winter nap; it will not wake till the spring rain and the sunshine come, the one to say "good morning" with its "tap! tap;" the other to say, "Wake up, spring is here!"

Take your pencils and see if you can make a picture of the little bud wrapped up in its coats. Now I have told you the secret of the horse chestnut you must keep your eyes open to find out if the other trees and the bushes have secrets too. Be careful, however, not to touch the trees or bushes belonging to other people. If you are pleasant and polite, people will give you twigs, as they gave these to me.

Topics for Subsequent Lessons.

1. Uses of Leaves;
   - *a.* Fertilizing purposes (leaf mould.)
   - *b.* Protection to roots of plants, seeds, etc.
2. Fall Rains;
   - *a.* Softening the ground.
   - *b.* Helping vegetable matter to decay.
   - *c.* Supplying underground springs.
3. Evaporation;
   - *a.* Simple experiments in the schoolroom.
   - *b.* Observation of phenomena in nature, both out of doors and at home.
4. Action of Frost;
   - *a.* Jack Frost a ploughman.
   - *b.* As a purifier.
5. Moisture;
   - *a.* Phenomena of nature noticed.
   - *b.* Various forms of moisture, mist, fog, steam, etc.
6. Clouds;
   - *a.* Formation;
   - *b.* Shapes.
   - *c.* Children's imagination cultivated, and expression of their thoughts of clouds.
7. Rain Clouds;
   - *a.* Appearance.
   - *b.* Shapes of drops (examine on window pane.)
   - *c.* Uses of rain.
8. Snow Clouds;
   - *a.* Appearance.
   - *b.* Shape of flakes (examine on woolen cloth.)
   - *c.* Uses of snow.
9. Preparation Nature makes for Winter;
   - *a.* Migration of birds.
   - *b.* Harvesting of food.
   - *c.* Heavier coats of fur, hair, wool, etc.
   - *d.* Change of color of coat, sometimes.
   - *e.* Hibernating habits of some animals.
   - *f.* Torpidity of some animals and reptiles.

10. Extracts from Whittier's "Snow Bound," Bryant's "Little People of the Snow," etc., read to pupils for fresh "word pictures" when the conditions of the weather are suggestions.

11. "The Story of Agoonack" from "Seven Little Sisters" read. Winter sports of Canada, Holland, etc.

12. Simple chats on lands of sun and ice; stories of sun slides and avalanches, snow capped mountains, as a foundation for geography.

Ask the Children.

How far is it to Chicago and how long would it take to go there?

How large is a ship when compared to a house?

Are trees taller than ordinary houses?

How many yards wide is the school room?

Why is a sunflower called by that name?

How are bricks laid on a sidewalk?

What is a twenty-five cent piece made of? A nickel? A penny?

What is a kid? (If they smile at this, *you* smile, too.)

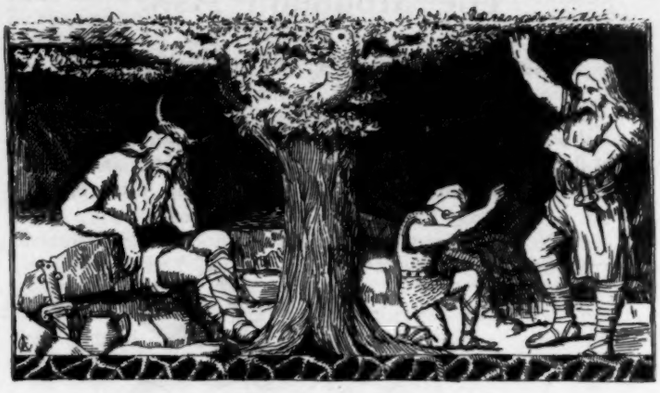
Which is taller, a cow or a horse?

What trees give the brightest leaves in the autumn?

How do cranberries look when they are growing?

What do peanuts grow on? chestnuts? acorns?

These specimen questions are suggested, that teachers may find out by the actual asking, how little their children know of the commonest things they see and hear about them. Send some of the answers, especially the original ones, to Primary Education.— Ed.



Norse Legends.*

By Mara L. Pratt.

Ygdrasil.

II.

At the base of Mt. Ida, stood Ygdrasil the wonderful tree of Life. Never before nor since was there another such a tree. It had never had a beginning; it had never been young. Not even the oldest man, not even the gods themselves could say "I remember when this great tree was a tender sapling, I remember when it sent forth its first tiny leaves, and how it rocked and swayed and shivered and bent its timid head as the cold ice king swept over it." For there had never been a time since the beginning of the world when Ygdrasil had not stood there tall and strong, one great root reaching down, down through the earth to the home of the dead; another sketching away, no one could tell how far, till it reached the home of the terrible giants, so fierce and cruel, so strong, and withal so wise, that even the gods themselves dreaded them and stood ever in terror of their approach. And its branches? So broad, so far reaching, so numerous were these, that they spread themselves protectingly over the whole earth, their top-most leaves rustling and whispering together above the golden palace of the gods far up on the summit of the cloud hidden Ida.

Nor was this all. Hidden among the dense leaves lived a great white eagle. No one knew whence he came; no one had ever looked upon him; but there he sat, ages upon ages, singing forever the story of the creator of the earth and the wonderful deeds of the gods who dwell in the shining city of Asgard. The leaves of the tree sang sunset songs and whispered to each other secrets, sometimes sad, sometimes gay, which even the gods with all their wisdom could not understand.

At the foot of the tree, away down, at the end even of the deepest, farthest root, lay the Well of Wisdom. Its waters were black; sometimes they were very bitter, and few there were who had the courage and the perseverance to search out the hiding-place of this wonderful spring. Then, too, it was guarded by a grim old giant, Memory, who so loved this well, and so dreaded the approach of man or god to its waters, that he would not allow them even to touch their lips to it until they had sworn to surrender to him whatever thing was dearest in life to them.

This was a heavy price to pay for wisdom and few there were who cared to pay it. "Will you give me your children? Will you give me your freedom? Will you give me your health? Will you give me your tongue, your ears, your eyes?" the old giant would ask of the mortals who came to drink of the waters of the Well of Wisdom?

And always when the mortals heard these questions they grew pale and trembled with fear. "Go back to your homes," the old giant would thunder, "You desire wisdom it is true; but you are not willing to pay the price for it." Then the mortals would hurry away, their hearts beating with fear, their ears ringing with the thunderous tones of the terrible giant, who, since the earth was made, had sat at the foot of Ygdrasil guarding the secrets from all the world.

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Reading Helps.

A Word to Teachers.

By IDA GILBERT MYERS, Prin. Training Shool, Washington, D. C.

IF you believe, as the most of us do now-a-days, that a knowledge of sounds gives children great power to help themselves to new word-forms while learning to read, try the following as one of the ways by which they are made able to this.

If you *don't* believe in phonics as an instrument of self-help, try it then by all means, so that you *will* believe, and thus facilitate the work of teaching the numerous word-forms necessary to rapid progress in learning to read.

Every primary teacher feels the importance of finding out all ways by which children can come into surest and speediest possession of these forms. If she can furnish the pupils with tools by which they can do much work for themselves, so much the better, as all advocates of self-helpfulness will agree.

The plan of which I shall speak fails only with those impatient teachers who are unwilling to stop long enough to teach thoroughly. In the beginning it *does* require the painstaking, abiding spirit of the German teachers who understand, so much better than we, that ultimate rapidity of progress depends upon sure foundations.

Soon after commencing to teach words, select one of these—any one will do—for the pupils to sound. Give a few minutes to this daily. Work at it until each sound composing the word is perfectly known—so perfectly, that upon the presentation of any one of its letters the sound underlying the character may be given accurately and instantaneously.

The point to be made here—the conditions of success—is perfect mastery of each sound making up the word. It may take a week or even longer to teach a single word in this way, but the results justify this seemingly slow work. When this is done add the sounds of another word with the same careful thoroughness.

After having taught the sounds of perhaps three words, let us see what capital of power the children have, in these few thoroughly mastered sounds, for the acquisition of new word-forms. Take for illustration the three following words since these are likely to come early in teaching reading: *hat, run, sing.* If the sounds composing these words are perfectly known, other combinations of these sounds must be equally well known. These "other combinations" are really new words, which however, upon presentation, are instantly recognized by the pupils through familiarity with their sounds.

From a knowledge of the sounds of these three words, eighteen first grade word-forms, at least, may be added, in less than that number of minutes, to the children's stock of words, increasing greatly the amount of reading material that may be placed before them in a very short time.

Below are some—perhaps all—of the words suitable for first grade pupils that can be made from the sounds found in *hat, sun, sung.*

cat	tan	tin	sting	nut	hunt
rat	hang	sit	string	hut	hung
sat	rang	hit	ring	sun	rung

One may put any of these words into a sentence whose other words are known by the pupils, with little fear that the children will stumble over them. They are taken as readily by our own pupils as are the old and familiar words in the sentence. Each new word taught through its sounds adds material for many more combinations, so that the work of acquiring word-forms goes on with great rapidity.

A teacher doesn't need to explain to teachers, that this is not presented as *the way to teach reading.* It is simply *a way to help children to acquire power to grasp the forms of words whose meanings are already theirs.* It does not take the place of word building upon a common basis. That goes steadily on. It doesn't touch development of meanings—*there is no development about it.* It is simply one way to get at a knowledge of word-forms quickly and legitimately.

Try it. After you have tried it, disapprove if you will.

The Tree-Frog.

The following fascinating description of a tree-frog (or tree-toad (?)) from Kate Field's *Washington* contains sufficient value and interest for both teachers and children, to give it here. It is a timely supplement to the "Lesson on the Toad" given in September number.—ED.

I made his acquaintance quite unexpectedly one morning. There had been wind and rain in the night, and when I espied a small gray object some two inches long and spotted like a bit of maple bark, lying upon the roof outside my window, I took no note of it. A moment later I looked again and the bit of bark had moved. Then I examined it more closely and saw a pair of bright eyes. The secret was revealed. The tree-frog, not the maple, was the victim of the elements.

He did not seem at all disturbed by my curiosity, but squatted blinking in the sunshine. Perhaps his fall had given him a headache. But when I attempted to pick him up on a piece of cardboard his self-respect asserted itself. Never would he submit to such ignominy. He wiggled and hopped, thrusting his long legs and queer bulbous fingers into the cracks between the shingles, and it was not until I had thrown a handkerchief over him and cut off his view that he submitted to my handling. He objected even then. I put him in a finger-bowl, thinking that its slippery sides would hold him prisoner, but he hopped out of it and down on the floor in a twinkling. A deeper glass proved equally unavailing, and each time he was caught he made his protests so obvious by exhaling a peculiar musky smell, much like the odor from decaying wood, that he left no doubt as to his opinions regarding captivity. After a short discussion, held while he was confined between a dish and a glass cheese-bell, we decided to take him out. We turned to pick him up, and behold, a miracle! When I first saw him he was gray and spotted like the bark, and now he was as white as the plate upon which he sat. His liberty was won. After so pleasing an entertainment surely he deserved his freedom.

The tree-frog is one of the most harmless of creatures, yet he is quite as useful as his cousin who hops about at dusk on the ground beneath him. Countless times a day the little head darts out in a movement so quick as to be imperceptible to our slow vision, bringing down after each flight a gnat or fly, half pierced by the sharp-pointed tongue.

But our friend of the maple has other uses than these. He is no mean weather prophet. When the heat of summer is upon us and fields grow dry and brown, we long to hear a merry chorus from the frogs. But they will not speak, or only give now and then a half-hearted note—not the joyous sound which we desire. While skies are blue and cloudless and the air is dry they sing not; but at last, sometimes when the drought seems most firmly established, their instinct speaks to them of dripping leaves and moist atmosphere, and one by one they take up the chant, until the astute farmer looks up from his work and prepares for the shower, for the tree-frogs are singing of rain.

Their apparatus for croaking is peculiar. During working hours their throats look much like those of ordinary toads, but when the time for music approaches, a large sack deep down on the chest becomes gradually inflated until it is as large as a thimble. Then if you watch the frog attentively you will see his eyes close, the bag begins to tremble, his mouth opens in a beaming smile and out comes a "cra-a-a," harsh and discordant to us, but doubtless tuneful enough in his ears.—MARY MCCULLOCH.

Elementary Geography.

For Primary Grades in Detroit, Mich.

(The course of study in elementary geography as outlined for teachers in the Detroit public schools will be given in part, in this number, and completed next month for the benefit of teachers who must rely upon themselves for guidance in this branch of study. The outline is very full and clear and cannot fail to be of benefit to all primary teachers.—ED.)

THE purpose of this work in elementary geography is to develop in the child through the intelligent and systematic observation of his environment all the elementary ideas esssntial to a compehension of foreign geography.

In this work the teacher should aim to do two things:

First. Cultivate observation — open the child's eyes to what is taking place in the world about him. "Every little nook and corner is but a reflection of the whole of Nature."

Second. Cultivate expression—lead the child to the complete expression of his thought regarding the world about him. This work is intended for language as well as for geography.

B Class—First Grade.

1. FORM.—Lead the children to observe form, in objects about them, find spherical and cylindrical objects in natue, fruits, twigs, trunks of trees, trunks and limbs of animals, etc.

2. COLOR.— Observe color in natural objects — grass, leaves, flowers, fruit, animals, clouds, etc.

3. SIZE — The measuring in the number work of this grade should lead the child directly to the observation of size in objects about him.

4. PLACE.—Teach right, left, up, down, front, back, here, there, east and west.

5. WEATHER AND SEASONS. — Day and night, winter and summer, cold days and warm days, cloudy days and clear days, wet weather and dry weather, sun rises in east and sets in west, moon and stars.

6. PLANTS. — Observe the falling of the leaves in autumn and the opening of buds in the spring.

Parts of a plant—root, stem, leaves, flowers and fruits. Name these parts and notice their position, form' color, etc.

7. ANIMALS.—Covering—fur, feathers, scales, etc.

Parts—name, number of each, use, etc.

Make special study of a cat and a bird, compare them.

8. MINERALS. — Coal, hard and black, where and how obtained, use?

9. PEOPLE.—Appearance—color of hair, eyes and skin.

Tell children story of Agoonack (Seven Little Sisters), or some other child who lives in polar regions. Compare her way of living with theirs. Use pictures and drawings on black board; make it as vivid as possible to children. Have pupils learn to tell the story.

10. MODES OF LIFE. — Kinds of buildings — schools, churches, dwelling houses, stores, etc.

Ways of traveling.—Carriages, street cars, railroad cars, etc.

Ways of talking to to people.—Speaking, writing letters, writing books, etc,

Occupations.—Let children tell what their fathers and different people whom they know are occupied in doing.

A Class—First Grade.

1. FORM.—Surfaces are even and uneven, level and slanting; observe and describe the surface of the school-yard, street, etc.

In connection with study of hemisphere observe sky and horizon.

In connection with study of triangular prism develop idea of hill.

In connection with study of prisms observe forms of buildingn, rooms, halls, etc.

2. COLOR.—Continue observation of color in natural objects, learn names for common hues. Match and compare colors. Notice changes of color in grasses, leaves, fruit, etc.

3. SIZE.—Observe size in objects, connect this with the work of measuring in number work of grade.

4. Teach east, west, north and south.

Observe sun's daily path across heavens, teach morning, noon and evening.

Locate objects in school room.

5. WEATHER AND SEASONS. — Windy days and calm days.

Appearance of clouds, what makes them move?

Ice and snow, what makes them?

Amount of heat during different parts of the day.

Lead children to notice weather each day and tell what they can about it.

Learn names of seasons and observe changes from one season to another.

6. PLANTS.—Parts—root, stem, leaves, flowers and fruit.

Plant seeds in spring and watch their growth, discover that they need heat, light and moisture.

Describe different fruits in autumn and notice when they ripen.

Observe falling of leaves in autumn, and opening of buds in spring.

Study model, and draw stems and leaves.

7. ANIMALS.—Covering, parts, food and homes.

Special study of horse, fish, fly and robin.

Have each child observe animals for himself, and tell what he has found out about them.

Migration of birds—notice their disappearance in fall and return in spring.

8. MINERALS.—Iron—where and how obtained, use.

Building stones, where and how obtained.

9. PEOPLE.—Tell children story of Gemila (Seven Little Sisters), or of any other child who lives in torrid climate. Compare her way of living with theirs. Review story of Agoonack. Hrve children tell these stories.

Read about and tell about people of other land, show pictures of their homes, etc. Home life becomes very interesting when contrasted with life in other countries.

10. MODES OF LIFE.—Ways of traveling *(continued.)*

Ways of communication—telephone, telegraph, newspapers, etc.

Choose one article manufactured in Detroit, and learn how it is made.

Lead children to observe what different people about them are doing.

11. GOVERNMENT.—Develop the idea of government by calling attention to that of the home and the school. Show the necessity for, and some of the essentials to good government.

B Class—Second Grade.

1. FORM.—In connection with study of triangular prisms develop ideas of hill and valley. This solid is the type form for both these forms of land. The slanting sides or surfaces of the hill or valley are called slopes.

In connection with the study of ovoid and ellipsoid observe these forms in fruits, eggs, bodies of birds and other natural objects.

2. COLOR.—Continue observation of color in natural objects.

3. SIZE.—Measure length, breadth and height of school room, estimate and measure altitude of different objects in room. Continue to observe size in natural objects.

4. PLACE.—East, west, north and south.

Locate objects in room with reference to cardinal points.

Relative positions. Locate objects in room with reference to some one object. Mary's desk is south of the teacher's table. The teacher's table is north of Mary's desk.

5. WEATHER AND SEASONS.—Daily observation of weather. Observe changes from one season to another.

Rain; where does it come from? where does it go? what work does it do?

Forms of water—liquid, ice and steam; watch boiling water and see what happens.

Lead children to think of air as a substance. Observe motion of air in room. What causes it? What is wind?

6. PLANTS.—Flowers—kinds, colors, where found—wild and cultivated.

Work for spring and autumn same as given in preceding grade.

Special study of one fruit—form, size, color, taste, smell, names of parts, etc.

Special study of one flower—name, color, number of parts, etc.

7. ANIMALS.—Covering, parts, food, homes, habits, uses.

Special study of cow, duck and spider; have child observe for himself.

Domestic and wild animals—names of some of each.

Migration of birds, also their food, nest, songs, etc.

8. MINERALS.—Gold and tin—where and how obtained, for what used.

9. PEOPLE.—Tell children story of an American Indian child (Hiawatha), and compare his manner of living with theirs. Read and tell about people in other lands.

10. MODES OF LIFE.—Roads,—kinds, uses, value of.

Articles of clothing—of what made, where material is obtained.

Choose one article manufactured in Detroit, and learn how it is made.

Designs in Drawing and Parquetry.

By ELLA JACOBS, Supervising Principal Warner School, Philadelphia.

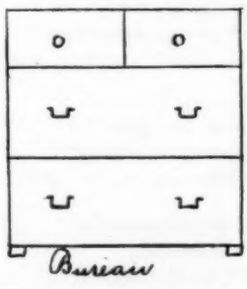
IN teaching drawing to little children, beginners in our primary schools, too much time and attention is devoted to drawing merely *geometric outlines*, until the little ones get a decided aversion to the very names of the circle, square and oblong. To avoid this, and yet give the necessary drill in these essential outlines and forms, we must endeavor to make the work interesting, make "real live things," out of these dreary shapes, or in other words make of them forms of life and beauty.

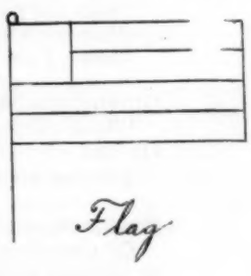
The above are a few devices, quickly made, and readily recognized by the children whose imaginations are keen, and appreciation great, of such pictures.

If the circle is to be taught, show the children a ball; (do not call it a sphere at first,) it is so pretty, its mamma wanted to have its picture taken, but it wriggled, and wouldn't sit still (make the ball roll) just like some little boys and girls I know. At last she showed it a flower, and then it was quiet and in a minute the man took its picture, just like this. (Draw a circle.) Now you can all draw its picture while I hold the ball tight in my hand."

Wnen they have been taught the word *circle*, have them draw one on their slates while teacher places one on board. "Now look what I will make out of mine." The children will be charmed and amused. They will suggest many other forms to make, and so get the drill in circles without the lifeless work.

For pictures of the cube and the oblong use the following.





The semi-circle is taught in a similar manner.

For the younger children in the kindergarten it is a good exercise to let them paste in the shape in parquetry, and only "draw in" the additional lines to complete the picture of the object. This is fun for them and combines play and work, and furnishes material for lessons in construction. I have indicated the parquetry work by diagonal lines.

As it is impossible, in a limited space, to give sketches of all the forms, I shall name a few for each, and many others will suggest themselves to the ingenious teacher. Founded on the *circle;* man's face, face of cat, two back views of pussy, fan, wheel, balloon, apple, tea-pot.

Semi-circle; umbrella, mouse, turtle, ink-stand, ladle, cap, cup, aquarium, sugar-bowl.

Square; bureau, tea-box, mug, spade, window.

Oblong; flag, bottle, envelope, (front and back,) book, house, vase, clock.

Parquetry.

I will be very glad to communicate with any primary teachers who desire further information regarding this method of teaching form in drawing and will also be pleased to hear of the results of any of their trials in this direction.

Mother Goose.

Mother Goose was a real person, who was born, lived, and died in Boston, where it seems some of her descendents are found to this day. An exchange says of the famous old lady:

She owned property on Washington Street, and her daughter Elizabeth married the printer, Thomas Fleet, who printed the ditties so often sung by his mother-in-law (greatly to his annoyance), under the title of "Songs for the Nursery; or, Mother Goose's Melodies for Children. Printed by T. Fleet, at his Printing-house, Pudding Lane, 1719. Price, two coppers." A new edition was lately published, very handsomely illustrated. It is inscribed as follows:

To
John Fleet Eliot,
The Great-Great-Grandson of
Elizabeth Goose,
known wherever the English language
is spoken as
Mother Goose,
This collection of her melodies is inscribed,
as an acknowledgment of his
kindness in supplying
the materials
from which the account of
his and her family has been derived.

—*Selected.*

History Stories.

For Primary and Intermediate Grades.

By STELLA HAMILTON.

(These stories are prepared for the oldest primary children, but are equally adapted to lower grammar grades. By the use of such stories either as supplementary reading or language work the children become familiar with historical names and events and acquire a taste for historical and biographical literature.—ED.)

The Disobedient Officer.

Frederick the Great was a man of few words. At one time, the enemy being encamped not far away, he gave orders that not a light should be burned in any one of the tents, lest the enemy, seeing it, should learn where the army lay.

"Will anyone dare disobey me?" thought the king. "I will go forth over the field and see for myself."

In one tent he found burning, very dimly, but still burning, a light.

"What does this mean?" thundered the king, drawing open the door of the tent.

There sat a man just folding a letter he had been writing.

"I have been writing a letter," said the man, trembling.

"Unfold your letter," said the king.

The man obeyed.

"Take your pen. Now add, '*When this letter shall have reached you, I shall have been shot dead for disobeying the king.*'"

A Story of George III.

George III. set out for a walk. "My good woman," said he, coming into a hayfield, "why are you working here alone? Where are your fellow workers?"

"They have all gone to see the king ride by," growled the woman.

"And why did you not go?" asked King George, amused.

"I have no time," answered the woman sharply. I have five children to take care of and cannot afford to lose a days' work just to see a king ride by."

"A very wise woman you are," laughed the king. "And here is a gold-piece for you. Tell your companions when they come back, that since you would not go to see the king, the king came to see you."

How the Czar's Life was Saved.

Even as far back as the time of Peter the Great there have been subjects who for reasons of state have plotted the assassination of the Czar.

In the kitchen of a certain Russian lord, there served a man named Alexander Menzikoff. "Alexander," said his master, one day entering the kitchen, "you have the reputation of being the best pastry cook in the kingdom. Prove that it is true today by making the very best pudding known to your art. The Czar dines here to-day."

"It shall be done as you say, sir," answered Alexander, beginning at once to mix the ingredients.

"I will see you make it," said the lord, taking a seat near by.

"Strange," thought Alexander. "Something is wrong, I suspect. I will watch my lord."

A moment later, as the cook turned away that he might test the oven in which the pudding was to be baked, the lord, leaning across the table, dropped into the pudding a small white powder.

"I thought as much," said Alexander to himself. But he said nothing and went on with his baking.

In due time the Czar arrived. Around him stood the body guard, and before him marched the drummer boys.

"I must get the Czar's attention before he dines," whispered Alexander, "else Russia will have no Czar."

"I have here," said the host, "a dish prepared especially for your Czarship. You will honor us by partaking of it before our lips have tasted it."

The Czar rose and bowed low. "My generous host will honor me by partaking of it first."

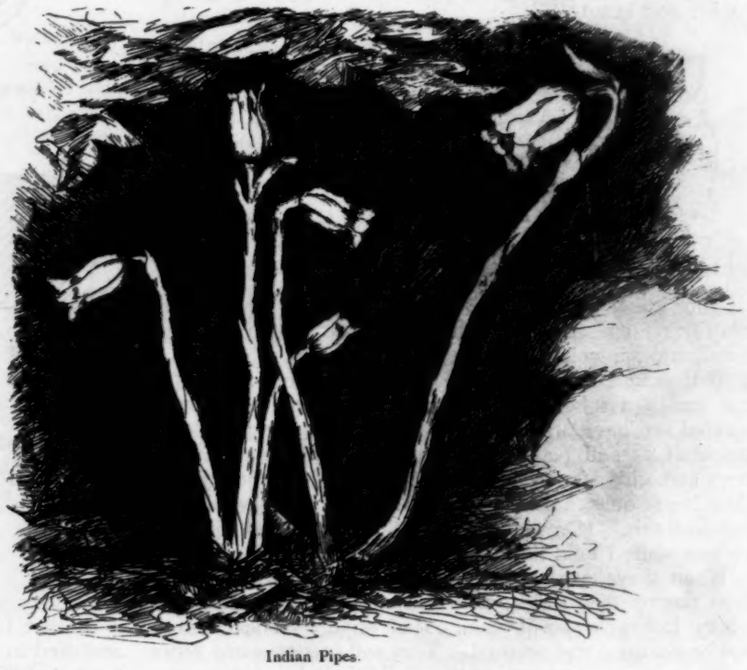
The lord entreated. The Czar insisted. There was a queer smile upon his face and the lord knew that his plot had been discovered.

"Menzikoff, come forward," called the Czar, turning to the door in which stood the cook. "Menzikoff, you have served your sovereign well. Henceforth you shall sit at his right hand. Honor and wealth and position shall be yours. As to you, my lord, there is but one punishment,— death!"

To both the lord and the cook the Czar was true to his word; from that time on, Alexander Menzikoff held the highest position in the government, and his name is known, during the reign of Peter the Great, second only to the Czar himself.

What Magellan Found.

When Magellan, the great navigator, went sailing around "the Horn" he landed near an Indian camp. The Indians were glad to see the white men. "Eat," said they, pulling from the ground a plant with a strange looking root covered over with funny little dents. "What can it be?" asked the sailors, biting into the root. "It grows like a turnip. It tastes like a chestnut." Then the white men stored away bushels of these roots in their vessel and carried them to Europe, where it soon became the fashion to serve them for dinner Guess what they were?



Indian Pipes.

Indian Pipes.

O Indian Pipes, a-springing up,
Under the pine-tree shade;
So gleaming white and strange you seem
Almost, I am afraid.

Growing o'er happy hunting grounds
Whose chieftains brave and gone;
On land where the wigwam rose of old
You now are left alone.

Perchance, you're but the risen ghosts,
Of pipes they used to smoke;
In peaceful times when no warrior's cry,
The woodland echoes woke.

However it be, I only know
That here you live and grow,
The likeness of those Indian Pipes
They smoked so long ago.

— *St. Nicholas.*

Number Questions.

First and Second Grade.

If one cylinder has three faces how many faces have four cylinders?

If one hemisphere has two faces how many faces have eight hemispheres?

If one cube has six plane faces how many plane faces have three cubes?

If one triangle has three angles how many angles have six triangles?

If one cube has eight corners how many corners have two cubes?

If one square has four straight edges how many straight edges have five squares?

If three oranges cost seven cents how many oranges can be bought for fourteen cents?

If two pens cost five cents how many can I buy for twenty cents?

If there are two pints in one quart how many pints are there in ten quarts?

If there are four quarts in one gallon how many quarts are there in four gallons?

If eight quarts make a peck how many pecks are there in eighteen quarts and how many quarts left?

Lucy is three years old. Helen is five years. John is as old as both. How old is John?

There are twelve eggs in one dozen. How many eggs in one half a dozen? In one third? In two thirds? In one fourth? In three fourths? In one sixth? In five sixths?

There are eight quarts in a peck. How many quarts in one eight of a peck? In one fourth? In three fourths? In one half?

A window has three panes of glass on the top row and four panes of glass on the side row. How many panes of glass in all? Make a picture of the window.

What is the difference between one-fourth of twenty and one-sixth of eighteen?

A dime and three nickels and one penny are how many cents?

Two times six apples equally divided among three girls will give how many apples to each?

Roy has six words a day in his spelling lesson. If he has a correct lesson for three days how many words has he spelled correctly?

If your teacher has forty scholars and all are sitting in position, how many hands are folded?

Henry's father had his pair of horses shod all round; how many shoes did the blacksmith use?

Flossie bought two quarts of milk at six cents a quart; how much did it cost?

Francis picked eighteen quarts of cherries from Mr. Brown's tree and received half of them as pay for his work; how many quarts did he have?

Grace's mamma gives her one cent each day that she is a good girl. If she is good every day in October how much money will she have at the end of the month?

Emma bought a bouquet of thirty flowers to send to the hospital; one-fifth of the flowers were roses, two-fifteenths camelias, two-sixths carnations, and the remainder were violets. Cost of the bouquet if the roses were three cents each, camelias five cents each, carnations two cents each, and the violets one cent each?

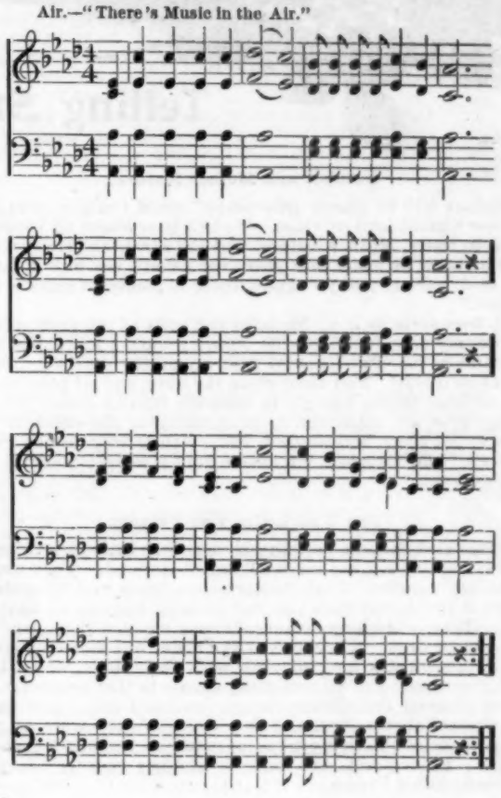
How many maples would be required to plant around the sides of a school-yard ten by six rods if the trees were planted one rod apart? Make a picture of the yard.

Autumn Song.

THERE'S music in the air,
Soft as the bee's low hum,
There's music in the air,
When the autumn days are come.

Fairies sweet, your songs we hear,
At times you're sad, then full of cheer,
Come out! come out! we know you're near,
By the music in the air.

No. 1. AUTUMN SONGS.

Air.—"There's Music in the Air."

A Problem.

Sandy and Ned were brothers;
Ned was older then Sandy;
And they were busy dividing
A stick of peppermint candy.

Ned was earnestly trying
To make the division true,
And he marked the place with a fish-hook,
Where the stick ought to break in two.

But, alas, for little Sandy
And his poor, painstaking brother!
'Twas a long and short division—
One piece longer than the other.

Ned gravely looked at the pieces
And their quite unequal length,
And he wrestled with the problem
With all his mental strength.

And at last, he said: "Oh, Sandy!
I can make it come out right,
If I take the piece that's longest,
And bite off just one bite."

Their four eyes beamed and brightened
At this plan, so very handy,
Of disposing of the problem
And distributing the candy.

So Ned ate the pieces even—
'Twas the simplest way to do it;
And he cheated little Sandy—
And they neither of them knew it!

— BESSIE CHANDLER.

Telling Stories.

October and Mother Nature.

"Grapes will be plenty this year!" cried October, staggering in under a great load of vines, "I shall have about all I can do to attend to these, Mother Nature, and I'm afraid the trees will not be so brilliant as usual this year, for I don't see how I shall get time to dye them, and you know there is plenty of other work to be done."

"It does seem as if all the odds and ends of the year were left for you, my dear," said Mother Nature, "and I know you have a busy time of it. But I should miss my pretty scarlet leaves and berries so much! You must ripen the nuts, and, if possible, give a bit of frost before you go, to open the burrs a little; the squirrels are growing impatient, to say nothing of the children. You ought to get the robins started, too, on their way to the South."

"Well," said October, "I have a sunny temper, and I'll be as lively as I can." — *Sel.*

The Two Little Van Tassels.

Katrina and Bettina Van Tassel were two little girls who lived in a flat country a great ways off, called Holland. They were not sisters, but cousins. Their fathers were brothers. They dressed in such a funny way that you would have laughed to have seen them. They wore long dresses, clumsy wooden shoes, and little close, white caps. They looked like little, old women, but they were happy all day long playing with their dolls, down by the canal, for there were a great many canals in that country.

They dressed their little plump, fat-faced dolls, just as they were dressed themselves, and they thought they were as pretty as any French dolls that ever were made; — yes and a great deal prettier. French dolls are made in another country away over the ocean, called France,

How They Helped Jennie.

A little three year old girl stubbbed her toe and she was so lame, she couldn't run about the house at all. She cried a good deal, and a little boy and a little girl who lived next door heard her, and they went up to the window where she stood on one foot, with the big tears in her eyes. They became acquainted somehow as little boys and girls will, and the little girl, Jennie, put up her little foot in an old slipper, to show them what the matter was. Then they all laughed together, for Jennie lost her balance, standing on one foot, and nearly tumbled over.

The little boy and girl who had come to see her were very kind hearted little folks and they set to wondering what they could do to help her.

"O, I know a way!" said the girl.

"What is it?" said the boy.

"Let's make a chair and carry her!"

That suited the little man exactly, and they clasped their four hands in a way that made a seat (you know how), and they carried lame little Jennie, all over the yard. What fun it was! They became great friends after Jennie's foot got well again.

The Little Dog in the Glass.

Once a man went into a house to make a visit, and his little dog Jack went with him.

The little dog had never been in that house before, and after sitting very still for a minute, he looked about to see what sort of a place it might be. He had been sitting on a foot-stool, for he was rather short, and on looking around he saw another little dog. As Jack was a very polite little dog, he stood up and said: "Good morning, sir."

The other opened his mouth, but did not say a word.

"Good morning, sir" said Jack again, but the other only opened his mouth again and did not answer.

"He may be deaf," said Jack, after a while, "but, dear me! I wish he would say something or sit down. I'm tired standing." All this he said to himself, and then he smiled again in a kind way. At once the other little dog smiled, too, but still he did not speak.

"If you'll excuse me, I'll sit down," said Jack.

As the other did not speak, Jack sat down on the foot stool. At once the other dog sat down, too.

"Really he's very strange! I'll stand up," thought Jack.

But, just as Jack rose, up jumped the other dog.

Jack thought, now, that the other dog was making fun of him, and so he frowned. But the other frowned, too.

Jack began to be angry and walked toward the other little dog who began at once to walk toward him. I've a great mind to tell him how rudely he behaves," thought Jack. "He is a very bad dog, and now he looks very angry."

Just then Jack's master called him, and, as they left the room, Jack turned and made a face at the other dog. But at the same time the other dog turned around and made a face at Jack!

"What strange manners!" said Jack, as the door closed. "I'll never come to this house again!"

How Jack Saved the Children.

A grocer owned a fine dog named Jack. Early one Sunday morning the grocer was awakened by Jack, who was barking loudly at the door. He got up and opened the door, intending to punish the dog soundly. But Jack bounded into the room where the children were asleep, pulled the bed-clothing off and pushed the little ones down on to the floor. In the meantime the grocer had ascertained that the front of the house was in flames. He hastened to take his wife and children out of the house and turned back to look for Jack. But poor Jack had been unable to find his way out through the flames and smoke and had perished in the burning house. Except for his timely warning, the whole family would have been burned with the house.

The Foolish Thermometer.

A thermometer hung over a stove in a sitting room. One cold day when the fire in the stove was snapping and roaring, the thermometer began to talk to it.

"My friend," said he, "why do you cause people so much work for nothing? The maid spends half her time cramming you with fuel and carrying off the dirt you make. But everybody knows very well who keeps this room warm. Do you notice that people come in and look at me a dozen times a day while they leave you entirely to the care of the servants?"

The stove chuckled to itself, but said nothing, and the thermometer went on:

"If I couldn't do my work without making so much fuss about it, I'd seek some employment that I was better fitted for, and leave the work of keeping the room warm to those who understand their business."

The stove snapped and laughed again, but still said nothing. It could afford not to care for any such foolish boasting as that.

The Oak and the Violets.

The summer had gone. Very soon the winter would come. Beneath the old oak tree two little violets were peeping up through the fallen leaves. It was strange these two little violets had blossomed so late. Perhaps they had overslept. Some little folks do, you know. At any rate, there they were, the only flowers in the whole grove. "Dear Oak," said they. "the winter is coming, and we are afraid. Do you think we shall freeze to death in the cold?"

The oak looked down upon the little blue flowers and spread its great branches over them very tenderly. "I will take care of you" it said. And then the great oak leaves began to fall, silently, softly, until the little violets were all covered over; and there they lay snug and warm until the next spring-time came. They they smiled up at their good friend, the oak, again. Do you not think the oak was glad to see his little friends again? I think he was for he rustled his leaves, and every one of them danced a welcome to the violets.

The Kitten in the Horse Car.

One day as a car driver was changing horses at the end of one of his trips, a half starved-kitten ran into the car. It curled up under the stove, and the kind-hearted conductor allowed it to remain there during the next trip, and before the day was over the two had become such good friends that kitty was allowed to stay in the car all night. From that time the kitten's home was that same car. She was pretty and playful and became the pet of all the passengers. They put a little silver bell around her neck on a scarlet ribbon, fed her with all kinds of dainties, and after living in this way for five weeks, I am sure she would say, if she could speak, that she was as happy as any cat could be.

Contributions to the several departments of PRIMARY EDUCATION will be welcomed *promptly considered*, and, if accepted, *promptly paid for*.

Young People's Reading Circle.

The State of Indiana has a Young People's Reading Circle five years old, with a membership of 125,000 — one-fifth of all the school children in the State. The *Indiana School Journal* says:

"This phenomenal growth attests the loyalty of the teachers and school officers to the best interests of the children of the state. Hundreds of libraries have been established in the school districts throughout the state, placing within easy reach of the pupils of the public schools the best thoughts of the best writers, suited to the different grades, thereby fostering the habit and cultivating the taste for the choicest in literature. A movement so fruitful of good to the young should command our earnest support. The course for the coming year is unusually rich in the variety of thought which it presents, as well as in its high literary character."

The following is a list of books selected for the circle in 1893–94.

"Second Grade — Nature's Stories for Little Readers, D. C. Heath & Co., Chicago, 25c; Easy Steps for Little Feet, American Book Company, Cincinnati, 25c.

Third Grade — Brooks and Brook Basins, Ginn & Co., Chicago, 58c; Those Dreadful Mouse Boys, Ginn & Co., Chicago, 75c; Sara Crewe, Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York, 81c.

Fourth Grade — From Colony to Commonwealth, Ginn & Co., Chicago, 60c; Captain January, Estes & Lauriat, Boston, 40; Lucy's Wonderful Globe, D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, 35c; Familiar Animals, American Book Co., Cincinnati, 50c.

Fifth Grade — Hans Brinker, Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York, $1.13; Fishin' Jimmy, Randolph & Co., New York, 49c; Story of the Iliad, McMillan & Co., New York, 49c; Fairy-Land of Science, D. Appleton & Co., Chicago, 70c.

Advanced Grades — Attic Philosopher in Paris, D. Appleton & Co., Chicago, 50c; Selections from Ruskin, Ginn & Co., Chicago, 40c; Japan in History, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, 59c."

The Teacher's Reading Circle in the same state will take up De Garmo's Essentials of Methods (D. C. Heath & Co., 50c.), and Orations of Burke and Webster (D. C. Heath, 75c.)

A man lives in Highland township, Chester County, Pa., who has offered to donate a piece of gronnd as a site for a township high school; also, *land for a house for the teacher*. Will any mortal being continue to live on this earth who has thought that a *teacher* ought to have a house and is willing to give the land for it? Not long; he is too far in advance of his times. The angels must feel drawn to him! A — teacher — provided — with land—for—a—house!! The words sound strange.

The Vertical and Sloping Writing.

The battle between the two systems has not been carried on in England alone, but in Germany, France and Denmark. Dr. Tolds, professor of anatomy in Vienna, states that vertical writing, from the anatomical and physiological point of view, is the only correct method. Therefore, fortunately for German spines, it is introduced into many of the schoolrooms in Vienna, and elsewhere. Here in America we allow gymnastics to correct the evils of unhygienic writing. We do not want to pattern ourselves on foreign methods unless they are superior to ours; but whether or not American and German spines have a common origin, they are now by evolution so alike that it is a pity we do not universally adopt the vertical method of writing.

— *Kate Gannet Wells.*

Many schools in England and on the continent are making experiments with this new kind of penmanship. In some places the teaches are said to be unanimously in favor of its introduction. They claim that it is more easily taught, that it facilitates a more correct position on the part of the pupils, that the vertical letters cause the pupil to face his writing, and thus save him from the twist of body and neck always observable in those who write slantwise, and that one cause of spinal curvature is thus obviated. It does not follow that every teacher should drop the old and try the new, but the results should be tested and verified or rejected by experts in teaching penmanship. The sanguine expectations of those who advocate the new system may not be realized. In the meantime, however, the live teachers will question those who write much, and will watch the unconscious testimony of their hand writing. And teachers who take no interest in such investigations, are sure to die professionally before they are physically ready for burial.

— *Pennsylvania School Journal.*

Nebraska has a "Library Day" in the schools this month (Oct. 20), to further the interests of school libraries. It would be a healthful sign if this custom should prove contagious.

Will the contributor who sent "First Lesson on Minerals kindly send her name and address to editor?

Our Large Picture.

Building Castles.

The pretty room.
Children's playthings in the background.
Mother's interest in the play.
Age and name of children.
Shape of the blocks, cylinders, cubes, etc.
The expression of the little carpenter's eyes as he studies the mechanics of his work.
Boy takes the most interest in the building. Why?
Let children end up the lesson by building fancy air castles and using them for material for oral and written language lessons.

Correspondence.

My Dear Editor: — I have had such a happy "coming back" this fall. My heart is so full of it that I must share the joy with you.

I arrived in town the Saturday afternoon before Labor Day, and within an hour, found myself unlocking the school house door with a good deal of excitement. Had I not noticed that the porch floor had beeen freshly oiled, and was not this an omen of something better beyond?

As I opened the door my eyes fell upon a great solar print of Niagara, against the old-rose of the newly decorated walls.

Such a glorious gush of wild beauty and freedom! At the second landing was a large photograph of a glacier in an oak frame.

All this beauty seemed to lead upward. But I could not believe that my own room had been left out in the plan. So I walked through the boy's cloak room, and pushed open the door of the school-room.

One look was enough—then down I sat on the nearest chair, the tears fast crowding to my foolish eyes. I had had a glimpse of the unspeakable love in the eyes of the "Madonna Della Sedia" against its back ground of the tenderest blue. How lovely that room was with its blue walls, new black-boards and every inch of woodwork and furniture freshly varnished. Every picture had been taken down and thoroughly cleaned. A few of the old were left and many new added. Lincoln and Washington draped with the American flag are on either side of the "Della Sedia." Over the platform is a fine bust of Agassiz with "The Signing of the Declaration" on one side, and "Columbus First Sighting Land" on the other.

Over the piano is the "Mountain of the Holy Cross;" over the mineral cabinet, Longfellow's noble face. At the left of the platform is a first-proof engraving of Millet's "Shepherdess" with "The Princes in the Tower" and Raphael's "Madonna of the Lily." The wall opposite bears two engravings of Algerian life.

Of course I went up stairs to see what had been done to the grammar room. Its walls were in a light shade of terra-cotta which brought out beautifully the busts of Columbus and Lincoln. Lowell's and Whittier's faces looked down, and my favorite "Singing Children" and "The Madonna of the Garden" I soon discovered. There was also a fine photograph of the Coliseum and an exquisite colored photograph of "The Garden of the Gods" in Colorado. The historical pictures were not wanting.

You will ask who has done all this? It was the enthusiastic work of the noblest, sweetest lady sun ever shone on — who has been for years the good genius of our school. She offered the pictures and busts if the town would redecorate the walls. Our superintendent gave hours of his vacation time to the supervision. But there was no more delighted worker than the man who did the decorating. He seemed to put his whole heart into the work, even erasing from my walls the blue that did not prove just the right tone, and substituting another. Do you wonder that we are a very happy, excited neighborhood?

I have always considered that I had the prettiest school-room and the dearest children in the world. But now everything is so harmonious and beautiful I shall feel more than ever constrained to try to live up to the best that is in me. It awakens such a desire for every one else to have like beauty about them. Some of our pictures are valuable, but many of them are inexpensive. The glory of it lies in the perfect harmony of the whole, and the noble epochs of history or art each subject represents.

Yours sincerely,

Milton, Mass. KATE L. BROWN.

TALKING TOGETHER

(In this department teachers and editor will meet together for a social talk and exchange of opinions, experiences and suggestions. All that teachers would say of their work, if they were with a congenial company of other teachers will be in place here. Questions and letters to the editor will here receive attention and be treated in the best way to bring the greatest good to the greatest number.)

Are you "settled down" yet, and are the wheels running smoothly? You, who are new to your work, or in schools that are new to you, come home many nights, worn, wearied and almost discouraged, and you think it would be *such* a comfort, to sit down and talk it all out to somebody who could understand and sympathize with you and possibly say "Poor Child!" I am sorry for you, it is *so* hard to teach school." Now the "sympathetic shoulder" isn't to be despised in this world, but there are conditions when you are better off without it, and the nights when you come home from school full of dangerous self-pity are the nights when you need to put school as far away from your thoughts as the East is from the West. It will be utterly impossible for you to see things in a just light at such a time. Some of them will be too small, some too large, and a lurid light will be over and above all. Mind cure believers will tell you your *mind* is tired and that you havn't any aches nor weariness, for—can *matter* ache? The "regular school" will insist your body is the trouble altogether. But, smile cordially on both, and

Go out of Doors

but not alone if you can help it. You have had enough of yourself for one day. A healthy, natural, romping, agreeable child—you start. "A *child!*" You "have had enough of children for one day"—yes, but the child you get on a walk is a very different being from the same child you see in the school, and this contrast will be a good thing for you to learn. As I was saying this child (and it had better be a boy), will be an excellent companion for you, and do go on a side street where you can laugh and talk about nothing in particular for a half hour. (You will have to be pretty agreeable to "hold" your boy.) Then go home and *lie down* before supper. "Not *sit* but lie down, and now if you only knew how to "give up" as Annie Payson Call tells you in her "Power Through Repose," you would recuperate greatly in that half hour. That you don't *feel* like doing all this, is only an added argument in its favor. Oxygen and change of thought are means of grace to the tired out teacher.

But you say

"I Have School Work to do."

Yes, but *don't* touch it before night, and, then not after eight o'clock in the evening. From 8 to 9, be as much of a vegetable as you know how. If you have wisely learned to talk nothings, read stories or play games, do it the last hour before going to bed. Will this hurt your tescher's dignity? A dignity that has to be nursed is not a healthy one

The Thorn in the Flesh.

You have it in school I am sure, and *it* is a *boy* (though I could never understand why the bad *girl* with her thousand pettish ways of anoyance is usually overlooked when the "thorn" is selected). He may have come np to you from the lower grades where he has passed on from year to year, gaining in thorniness and reputation, and your turn with him has come now, and while you meet him pleasantly upon the outside you are not without reserves within. In a few weeks you declare he is hopeless—incorrigible. "There is nothing to be done with him," you declare; "there is

No Feeling nor Moral Sense

to work on in the boy." Look again while I tell you a little incident that occurred the other day. Two teachers were out walking, when one, the younger exclaimed, "There is John Root! I have him in school and he is the only boy I ever had, that I could not find anything to work with. There is nothing to get hold of, there is no place to begin."

Just them they came up to the hopeless John, standing at the door of a bakery with his hands and mouth full of mince pie. He was a luxuriant specimen of what the primeval boy must have been, when dirt was the rule and mince pies the exception. He was artistically unkempt from black teeth to unblacked boots. The older teacher asked him a question of direction just as she would have asked Little Lord Fauntleroy if he had been there. Like a flash he saw his teacher, took in the situation, recognized his whole personality, and did the only thing he could do—hide his hands and pie behind him, and stand there the very embodiment of confusion, with a mouth too full for utterance.

"Nothing to work on there?" said the older teacher, as they passed on. Why, there is a *great deal* to work on. Begin right there with his personal appearance. *There* is the penetrable spot in his armor. He gave you the cue when he dropped his eyes and grew scarlet. Studying children means something else besides asking them psychological questions No boy with that alert thought and sensitiveness to appearance is hopeless. Keep digging about that *Root*. By and by fresh sprouts will appear."

Watching Children at Play.

is another excellent way of finding out what Mother Nature thinks about their tastes and needs. Sitting on the banks of a popular seashore resort the other day, it was a lesson in pedagogy to watch the half dozen children at play. EVERY ONE WAS REVELING IN SAND to begin with, and I should have been a little ashamed of myself if my own fingers hadn't tingled to play with them. Here a little boy about four or five years old had a row of spheres, cubes and cylinders, arranging a type form border, with a concentration that made him blind and deaf to any other play and to the fascinating little waves stealing up in the tide-flow at his feet. Farther on, a ten year old girl, had molded the whole series of water and land forms with a real river, flowing between the precipitous walls of a tiny sand canon. How would the Chicago "Fad" fighters find an explanation for this voluntary, scientific child-play in a sand bank, when children were out on a holiday while the whole Atlantic Ocean was playing hide and seek before them coaxing them to join in, as plainly as little wavelets ever asked anything?

The Aluminum Slate Pencil.

Have you tried it teachers? Long, silvery and *unbreakable;* but—will it not "scratch?" Will some one who has tried it, report at the next meeting—I mean the next issue of PRIMARY EDUCATION?

What do you Want?

for stories, teachers? I mean the little language stories we have each month. Little short ones, of a line or two, or the length they are now? This matter is in your own hands. It is one of those few things in this world, that you can have as you want. Write me all about it. Tell me *how* you use them. I will give a page of space to this correspondence if you will write me just how you manage with them. No page would be more helpful to the readers in general.

Listen Contributors!

As this is not a paper of Don'ts I refer you to the September issue of *Lippincott's* for a whole page and a half of "Don'ts" in the preparation of manuscript. They are all true every one of them; but I want to add two or three more. Look out for the division of your article into paragraphs. Please do not "go on and on" and leave the paragraphing to the editor. Arrange them yourselves, and see that they occur as often as the subject allows; you will suit yourselves better.

Not so Many Dashes.

if you please. In ordinary letter writing we use dashes promiscuously, and we use them just as promiscuously when we prepare articles for publication—more's the pity. *Every mark on the page means something to the compositor*, and do not leave one that you do not wish to see reproduced in print, as it has to be *edited out* before printing. If "genius burns" so absorbingly that you "can't bother" with punctuation as you write first copy, just copy it over again and leave out the "genius" punctuation. That which is orthodox and commonplace does very well for us. One parting word. Study the use of the *semicolon*. It has another office besides "waiting long enough to count two."

It is better to

Use the Third Person

in ordinary writing for educational magazines. Do not address the teacher, directly as "you." It savors a little of preaching and our readers get enough of that commodity in "Talking Together." "I" "we" and "you" should not dot *general* articles and, above all should not be used interchangeably.

A dainty box of

Wedding Cake

lies on the editorial desk. Two contributors of PRIMARY EDUCATION have decided to study pedagogy together. Congratulations and benedictions upon the union, symbolized by this little box of compacted sweets.

With the me-ness dead, and the thee-ness fled,
There's now instead, an *Us-ness* rare

that gives us reason to expect collaborated articles. They will be recognized at once by their *double* point and double brilliancy.

Due Credit.

"A Longfellow Exercise" in the September number of this paper first appeared in *School Education* and was written by Mary F. Hall. These facts were not known to the editor at the time it appeared in our colums. We congratulate *School Education* on the ownership of such a bright little contribution.

The October Leaves.

(Recitation.)

Come and watch the merry little leaves at play:
Jolly times they're having this October day.
Down they gently flutter like the flakes of snow;
Chasing one another, flying to and fro.
Don't tell me they're only driven by the wind;
I am sure they're doing just as they've a mind.
See those two go racing swiftly down the street!
Red's ahead, now yellow, which think you will beat?
Over in that corner there's a dancing class,
See them wildly waltzing o'er the withered grass.
They have lively music, led by Mr. Breeze,
Listen to his whistling up there in the trees.
Some have gone in swimming down in yonder nook,
See that host of bathers diving in the brook.
There a crowd has gathered in an eager talk,
Now they're wildly scattered all along the walk.
So they gayly frolic through the sunny hours,
Careless of the winter with its icy showers;
But the cold is coming, and the snow-drifts deep,
When, their playtime over, quietly they'll sleep.

Only One Mother.

(Recitation for a little girl.)

Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky;
  Hundreds of shells on the shore together;
Hundreds of birds that go singing by;
  Hundreds of bees in the sunny weather;
Hundreds of dew-drops to greet the dawn;
  Hnndreds of lambs in the purple clover;
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn—
  But only one mother the wide world over.

How Marigolds Happened to be.

(Concert recitation with gestures.)

Dame Nature years and years ago,
  Sat resting in a shady bower,
And looked into a cottage yard
  Without the grace of one wee flower,
To thank for light the sweet blue skies
And bless the children's longing eyes.

She leaned her head upon her hands,
  And took her glasses off to think;
"Sunshine there is to spare," she said,
  "And dew enough for all to drink,
If there were many blossoms more
To grow upon the earth's green floor."

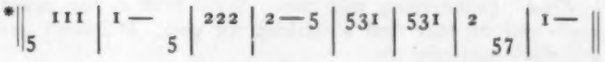
Then rising quickly from her seat
  She plucked beneath the cottage eaves
The sunbeams that were wasted there,
  And bound them into tiny sheaves,
Tied them with dainty bands of green,
And then on small stems scarcely seen,

Set them beside the cottage door,
  Beneath the wall, and by the gate,
And when the morning came that way
  It found them all in golden state,
Gay blossoms lifted toward the sky,
And nodding to a butterfly.
The dew was on their shining heads,
  Just ruffled by the laughing breeze;
The children danced and clapped their hands;
  Out from the corn-flowers flew the bees.
All summer breathed in their rich folds,
And people called them marigolds.

—Susan Hartley.

The Frog Song.

Music. Key of G.



A pert little frog
Sat on an old log
And dared not jump off
For fear of the dog.

The dog said "Bow wow!
O, do jump off now."
"I won't" said the frog
"So you needn't bow wow."

Then off went the dog,
And left Master Frog,
And there you may find him,
On that very same log.

*From O. B. Brown's Song Reader.

October Riddles.

By Lettie Sterling.

I.

They are seen on the trees; they are seen on the ground;
They are seen in the air softly whirling around.
They're as bright as the gay-feathered birds we see fly,
Or a piece broken off a clear sunset sky.
They sing rustling songs when our footsteps they hear.
And their name is well known for they come every year.

Ans. *Autumn Leaves.*

II.

I am thinking of beautiful, bright colored spheres
With a surface as smooth as fine satin appears.
In a spot that is airy and high they are found,
Though a few may have fallen to lie on the ground.
The men are now climbing to bring them all down
To put in the cellar or send off to town.
These spheres have a name that all lips can repeat,
For on winter evenings we think they're a treat.

Ans. *Apples.*

III.

We are bound in hard shells, and each shell has a case
Until old Jack Frost thought he'd visit the place;
We are of many kinds; we are black, brown or white;
And searching to find us gives children delight.
Now were we unknown to the boys and the girls,
They'd soon find us out if they lived with the squirrels.

Ans. *Nuts.*

Looking for a Situation.

CHARACTERS { *Mr. Greyson*, a merchant. *Fred Nulty.* *William Benson.* } school-mates.

William. Where are you going Fred?

Fred. Where do you thhink ? I'm going to answer an advertisement for an office boy. No more school for me, Will.

William. I should like to get a place, too. I've a great mind to ask mother to let me try.

Fred. Come along with me. We'll look in the paper again and we may find something for you. If I don't get this place you may try.

William. Thank you, but I can't come now, for I shall go to school as soon as I have carried this bundle home.

Fred. I don't believe in all that going to school. I guess I'll get along well enough without so much spellin', and writin', and arithmetic. I played hookey yesterday, and I had a grand good time at Tom Wilson's. He played hookey, too. His mother had gone away. We were not going to be shut up in school such a nice day.

William. I can't stop to talk. Tell me the number of your place, won't you?

Fred. Where I'm going? 128 Washington Street, Mr. Greyson. I'll get it though.

William. If you *don't*, I'll try. There won't be any harm in that.

(*Mr. Greyson in his office. Enter Fred.*)

Mr. Greyson. Well, sir, what can I do for you?

Fred. I saw your advertisement———

Mr. Greyson. Yes, all right. Can you write a good hand?

Fred. Yes.

Mr. Greyson. Take this pen and write me an application. Sit down at my desk. (*Fred sits down, sticks out his elbows, puts his head very much on one side, twists his face about, and puts his tongue into his cheek; finally, after a good deal of scratching and blotting, writes a note, which he hands to Mr. Greyson.*)

Mr. Greyson. Can you wait a few minutes while I look over this letter?

Fred. Yes. (*Mr. Greyson reads his letter. Fred tilts his chair back against the wall, puts his hands in his pockets and rattles some marbles, then whistles while he rocks to and fro. Mr. Greyson takes up the letter. Fred's chair comes down on the floor with a thump. Mr. Greyson reads Fred's note, laughs, and finally reads it aloud, spelling all the words that are wrong.*)

my deer sir,— Seeing your advertisement in the herald i take the Liberty of ancering it, I am 14 yeres old and live with my parients and i am handey at most anything i have been to scool at number nine i can ciper thrugh fraxions i want a place verry bad. FREDERICK NULTY.

Mr. Greyson. That will not do at all, my boy. Perhaps you are better at figures, though. If I pay seventy-five cents for a book, what must I pay for three books?

Fred. What did you pay for one?

Mr. Greyson. Are you hard of hearing? Seventy-five cents.

Fred. 75—125—I know,—two dollars—no one dollar and seventy-five cents.

Mr. Greyson. No. What part of a dollar is seventy-five cents?

Fred. Half—no, three quarters of a dollarr

Mr. Greyson. Well if one book costs 3-4 of a dollar, what will three cost?

Fred Three times as much. I know, 3-12 of a dollar.

Mr. Greyson (*impatiently.*) No, indeed! No indeed! I'll try you once more. Add up this column of figures.

Fred (*adds it.*) Fifty-seven.

Mr. Greyson. No. Add it again. 5 and 8?

Fred (*counts on his fingers.*) 12, no 13.

Mr. Greyson. And 7?

Fred. 20.

Mr. Greyson: And 9?

Fred. 27. Oh! I only made a mistake.

Mr. Greyson. You will not do for me. (*Fred goes out. Mr. Greyson goes on with his letter. Enter William Benson.*)

Mr. Greyson. Another boy! Well, can *you* do anything? Have you ever been to school? Can you write and cipher?

William. Yes sir. The principal of the school I go to gave me this note for a reference.

Mr. Greyson (*reads it aloud.*) William Benson has been in this school several years. He is a faithful, quiet boy, and a good scholar, especially in arithmetic. I heartily recommend him to any one who wants an office boy.

WILLIAM PETTIS, Principal of No. 9.

Mr. Greyson. That's enough, my boy. I'll take you. Come tomorrow.

Willlam (*bowing.*) Thank you, sir. Good morning.

Mr. Greyson. Good morning, William. (*As William goes out he meets Fred.*)

Fred. Did you get it Will ?

William. Yes.

Fred. That's just my luck to lose it. I suppose Mr. Pettis would say that there is some use in going to school, after all.

— *E. Fronda.*

A Warning.

Little squirrels, crack your nuts;
Chip your busy tune;
Sound your merry rut-a-tuts—
Boys are coming aoon!
Hide to-day, and pile to-day,
Hoard a goodly store;
When the boys are gone away,
You may find no more.
Hear you not their merry shout,
Song, and happy laughter?
Sure as leaping, boys are out!
Girls are coming after.
Hide and pile, then, while you may,
Hoard a good store;
If the children come this way,
You may find no more. — *Selected.*

The Gossip of the Nuts.

Said the Shagbark to the Chestnut,
"Is it time to leave the burr?"
"I don't know," replied the Chestnut,
"There's Hazel Nut — ask her.

"I don't dare to pop my nose out,
Till Jack Frost unlocks the door,
Besides, I'm in no hurry
To increase the squirrels' store.

"A telegram from Peanut says
That she is on the way;
And the Pecan Nuts are ripening,
In Texas, so they say."